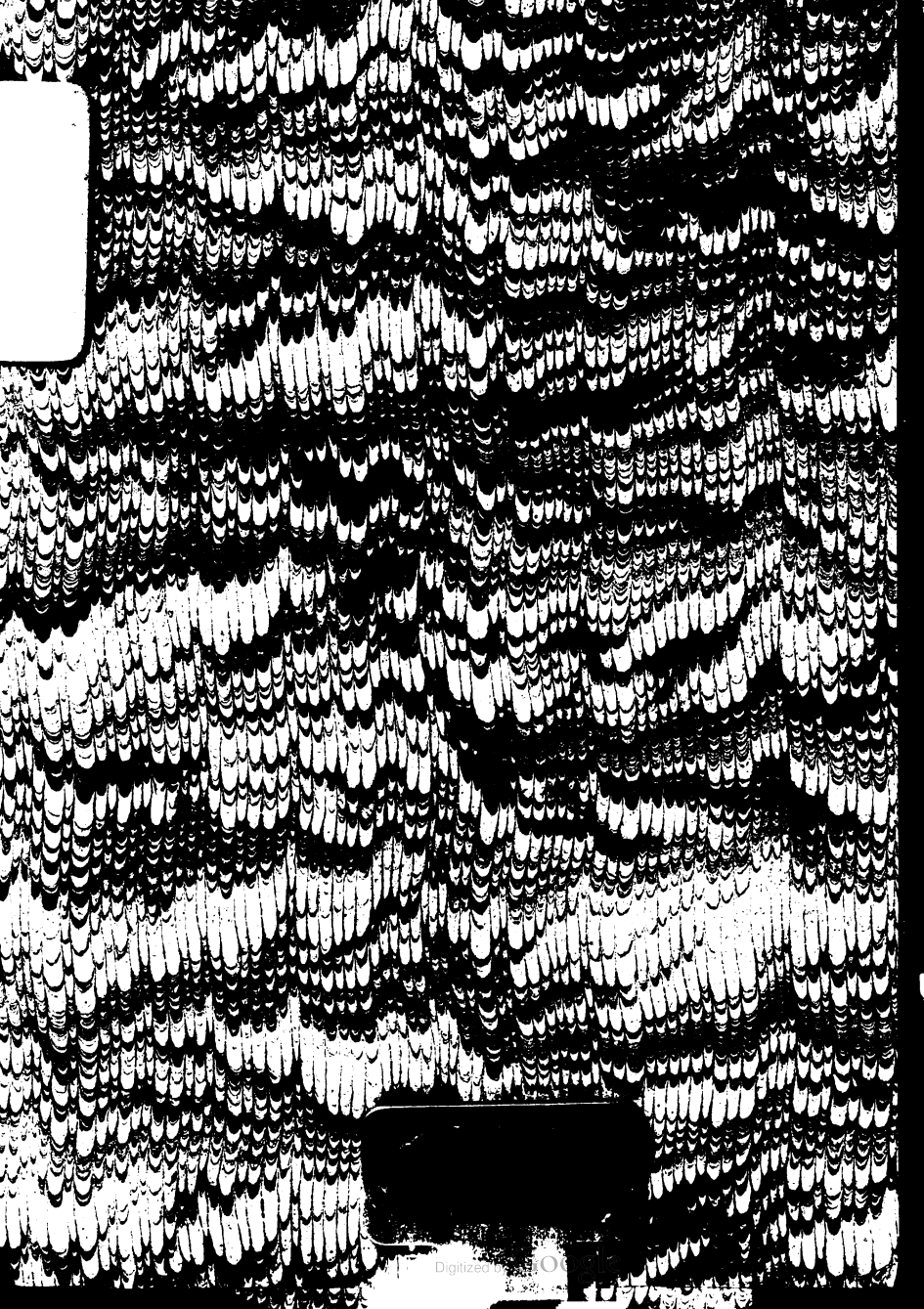

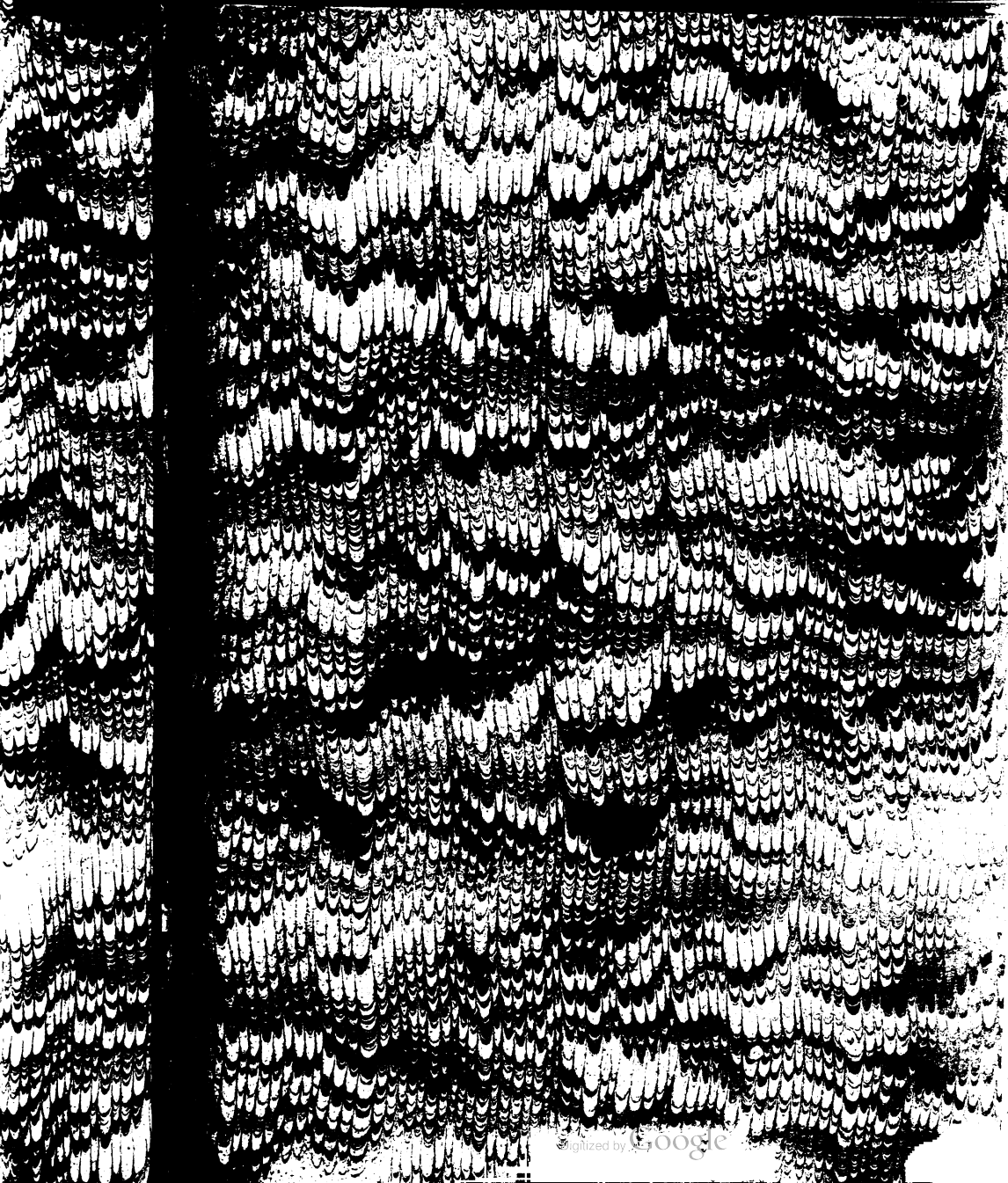
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THE NIGHT-WALKER, OR THE *LITTLE THIEF.*

A

COMEDY,

As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the Private House in DRURY-LANE.

Written by *John Fletcher*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *Andrew Crook*, 1661.

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THE NIGHT-WALKER: OR, THE LITTLE THIEF.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Tom Lurcher and Iack Wildbrain.

Lurc.

IAcke.

Wild. What winde brought thee hither?
In what hollow tree, or rotten wall
Hast thou been like a Swallow all this Winter,
Where hast thou been man?

Lur. Following the Plow.

Wild. What plow? Thou hast no Land,
Stealing is thy own purchase. *Lur.* The best inheritance.

Wild. Not in my opinion,
Thou hadst five hundred pound a year. *Lur.* 'Tis gone,
Prethee no more on't, have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till labour came and thrust a new Will in,
Which I allow not: till men won a privildge
By that they call endeavour, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful Cosenage,

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An allowed way to cheat, why should my neighbour
That hath no more soul than his Horse-keeper,
Nor pounces, nor guards about a Broad-cloath,
Have sixty thousand pound, and I four groats;
Why should he keep it? *Will.* Thy old opinion still.
Lur. Why should that Scrivener
That ne're writ reason in his life, nor any thing
That time ere gloried in, that never knew
How to keep any curtesie conceal'd,
But *Noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and be a rascal;
Consider this, why should that mouldy Cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy Merchant,
And give five thousand pound, is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution;
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg? *Wil.* What's this to thee?
Thou canst not mend, if thou beest determin'd
To rob all like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a Nooze. *Lur.* I am no Wood-cock,
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity, let me alone to shuffle,
Thou art for wenching. *Wil.* For beauty I, a safe course;
No halter hangs in the way, I defie it.
Lur. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty,
For where thou gainst by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee, 'tis thy destiny;
One is a kind of weeping cross *Jack*,
A gentle purgatory, do not fling at all,
You'le pay the Box so often, till you perish.
Wil. Take you no care for that sir, 'tis my pleasure,
I will imploy my wits a great deal faster
Then you shall do your fingers, and my Loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young sister?
Lur. I know not where she is, she is not worth caring for,
She has no wit.

Oh

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Oh you'd be nibling with her,
She's far enough I hope, I know not where,
She's not worth caring for, a ſullen thing,
She wo'd not take my counſel *Iack*,
And ſo I parted from her.

Wil. Leave her to her wants?

Lur. I gave her a little money what I could ſpare,
She had a mind to th' Countrey, she is turn'd
By this ſome Farriers dairy maid, I may meet her
Riding from market one day 'twixt her Dorſers,
If I do, by this hand I wo'not ſpare
Her butter pence.

Wil. Thou wilt not rob thy ſiſter.

Lur. She ſhall account me for her Egges and Cheeſes.

Wil. A pretty Girle, did not old *Algript* love her?
A very pretty Girle ſhe was. *Lur.* Some ſuch thing,
But he was too wiſe to faſten; let her paſs.

Wil. Then where's thy Miſtreſs?

Lur. Where you ſha'not find her,
Nor know what ſtuffe ſhe is made on, no indeed ſir,
I choſe her not for your uſe. *Wil.* Sure ſhe is handſome.

Lur. Yes indeed is ſhe, ſhe is very handſome, but that's all one.

Wil. You'le come toth' marriage. *Lur.* Is it to day.

Wil. Now, now, they are come from Church now.

Lur. Any great preparation,
Does Juſtice *Algripe* ſhew his power.

Wil. Very glorious, and glorious people there.

Lur. I may meet with him yet e're I dye as cunning as he is.

Wil. You may do good *Tom* at the marriage,
We have place and dainty things. *Lur.* Do you no harm ſir;
For yet me thinks the marriage ſhould be mar'd
If thou maiſt have thy will, farewel, ſay nothing. *Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wil. You are welcome noble friends. 1. I thank you ſir,
Nephew to the old Lady, his name is *Wildbrain*,
And wild his beſt condition. 2. I have heard of him,
I pray ye tell me ſir, is young *Maria* merry
After her marriage rites? does ſhe look lively?

How

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How does she like her man? *Wil.* Very scurvely,
And as untowardly she prepares her self,
But 'tis mine Aunts will, that this dull mettal
Must be mixt with her to allay her handsomeness.
1. Had *Heartlove* no fast friends?
Wil. His means are little,
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of——
Beyond the *Indies* in his mouldy Cabinets,
But 'tis her unhandsome fate. *Enter Heartlove.*
1. I am sorry for't,
Here comes poor *Frank*, nay we are friends, start not Sir,
We see you'r willow and are sorry for't,
And though it be a wedding we are half mourners.
Fr. Good Gentlemen remember not my fortunes,
They are not to be help'd by words. *Wil.* Look up man,
A proper sensible fellow and shrink for a Wench,
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomeness?
Fr. Prethee leave fooling. *Wil.* Prethee leave thou whining,
Have maids forgot to love? *Fr.* You are injurious.
Wil. Let 'em alone a while, thei'le follow thee.
1, Come good *Frank*.
Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.
2. Be a free guest, and think not of those passages:
Wil. Think how to nick him home, thou knowest she dotes (on thee;
Graff me a dainty medler on his crabstocke;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.
Fr. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.
Wil. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth,
Yet honest *Frank*, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tombe, enjoy her maidenhead.
Fr. Prethee leave mocking. *Wil.* Prethee *Frank* believe me,
Go to consider, harke, they knock to dinner. *Knock within.*
Come wo't thou go?

2. I prethee

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2. I preethee *Frank* go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do. *Fr.* You are light Gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts, pray give me leave,
Ile come and ſee, and take my leave.
Wil. Wee'le look for you,
Do not deſpair, I have a trick yet. *Exit.*
Fr. Yes,
When I am miſchievous I will believe your projects:
She is gone, for ever gone, I cannot help it,
My hopes and all my happineſs gone with her.
Gone like a pleaſing dream: what mirth and jollity
Raignes round about this houſe? how every office
Sweats with new joyes, can ſhe be merry too?
Is all this pleaſure ſet by her appointment?
Sure ſhe hath a falſe heart then; ſtill they grow lowder,
The old mans God, his gold, has won upon her
(Light hearted Cordial gold) and all my ſervices
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if ſhe were compel'd, but it cannot be,
If I could but imagine her will mine, *Enter Lady and*
Although he had her body. *Wildbrain.*
La. He ſhall come in.
Walk without doors o' this day, though an enemy,
It muſt not be. *Wil.* You muſt compel him Madam.
La. No ſhe ſhall fetch him in, Nephew it ſhall be ſo.
Wil. It will be fitteſt. *Exit.*
Fr. Can fair *Maria* look agen upon me?
Can there be ſo much impudence in ſweetneſs?
Enter Maria.
Or has ſhe got a ſtrong heart to defie me?
She comes her ſelf: how rich ſhe is in Jewels!
Me thinks they ſhow like frozen Iſicles,
Cold winter had hung on her, how the Roſes
That kept continual ſpring within her cheeks
Are witheered with old mans dull imbraces?
She would ſpeak to me. I can ſigh too Lady
But from a ſounder heart: yes, and can weep too
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,

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Tears of more pious value than your marriage,
You would encase your self, and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me;
Go, and forget me, and my poverty,
I need not bid you, you are too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd *Maria*,
Lov'd with a loyal love, nay turn not from me,
I will not ask a treare more, you are bountiful,
Go and rejoyce, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left. *Mar.* Good sir hear me,
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will: forc'd from me by my parents,
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomly
And if there can be more society
Without disnonour to my tye of marriage
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still,
You had the first, the last, had my will prosper'd;
You talk of little time of life: dear *Franke*,
Certain I am not married for eternity,
The joy my marriage brings tells me I am mortal.
And shorter liv'd then you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Adde what I coveted, content, go with me,
They seek a day of joy, prethee let's show it,
Though it be forc'd, and by this kiss believe me
However, I must live at his command now,
Ile dye at yours.

Fr. I have enough, Ile honour ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher.

Lur. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit, I have shift of all sorts,
And here are a thousand wheeles to set 'em working,
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage, if mad *Wildgoose*
That debosh'd rogue keep but his antient revells,
And breed a hubbub in the house I am happy.

Enter Boy.

Now what are you? *Boy.* A poor distressed Boy Sir,

Friend

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Friendleſs and comfortleſs, that would entreat
Some charity and kindneſs from your worſhip,
I would fain ſerve Sir, and as fain indeavour
With dutious labour to deſerve the love
Of that good Gentleman ſhall entertain me.
Lur. A pretty boy, but of too milde a breeding,
Too tender and too baſhfull a behaviour,
What canſt thou do?
Boy I can learn any thing,
That's good and honeſt, and ſhall pleaſe Maſter.
Lur. He bluſhes as he ſpeaks, and that I like not,
I love a bold and ſecure confidence,
An impudence that one may truſt, this boy now
Had I inſtructed him had been a Jewel,
A treaſure for my uſe, thou canſt not lye.
Boy. I would not willingly. *Lur.* Nor thou haſt not wit
To diſſemble neatly. *Boy.* Do you love ſuch boyes, Sir?
Lur. Oh mainly, mainly, I would have my boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piouſly:
Like *Proteus*, caſt himſelf into all forms,
As ſudden and as nimble as his thoughts,
Blanch at no danger, though it be the Gallowes,
Nor make no conſcience of a coſonage
Though it be ith' Church; your ſoft, demure, ſtill children——
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces——
And ſing ſongs to dull tunes; I would keep thee
And cheriſh thee, hadſt thou any active quality,
And be a tender Maſter to thy knavery,
But thou art not for my uſe.
Boy. Do you ſpeak this ſeriouſly? *Lur.* Yes indeed do I.
Boy. Would you have your boy Sir
Read in theſe moral miſchiefs? *Lur.* Now thou mov'ſt me.
Boy. And be a well train'd youth in all activities?
Lur. By any means. *Boy.* Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneneſs. *Lur.* I ſpeake this to make thee.
Boy. Then take me Sir, and cheriſh me, and love me,
You have me what you would: believe me Sir
I can do any thing for your advantage,

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Igueſs

I guess at what you mean; I can can lie naturally,
As easily, as I can sleep, Sir, and securely:
As naturally I can steal too. *Lur.* That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on, hold thee there, thou art excellent.
Boy. Steal any thing from any body living.
Lur. Not from thy Master. *Bo.* That's mine own body:
And must not be.
Lur. The Boy mends mightily.
Bo. A rich man, that like snow, heaps up his moneys,
I have a kind of pious zeal to melt him;
A fool that not deserves 'em, I take pitty on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.
Lur. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me,
Of my own nature just.
Boy. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And to those twice so many tongues to flatter,
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher,
And for my conscience.
Lur. Peace, I have found a Jewel,
A Jewel all the Indies cannot match,
And thou shalt feel ——
Boy. This title, and I ha' done sir;
I never can confess, I ha' that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a Magistrate,
Such Innocence to catch a Judge, such ignorance.
Lur. Ile learn of thee, thou art mine own, come Boy,
Ile give thee action presently.
Boy. Have at you. *Lur.* What must I call thee?
Boy. Snap sir. *Lur.* 'Tis most natural,
A name born to thee, sure thou art a Fairie,
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happie.

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mistress, Newlove, Tobie.

La. Where be these Knaves? who trues up all the liveries,
Is the brides bed made? *Tob.* Yes Madam and a bell
Hung under it artificially. *La.* Out knave out,
Must we have larums now? *Tob.* A little warning

That

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That we may know when to begin our healths Madam,
The Justice is a kinde of old Jade Madam,
That will go merriest with a bell.
La. All the house drunk. *Tob.* This is a day of Jubile.
La. Are the best hangings up, and the plate set out?
Who makes the Posset, Nurse?
Nur. The dairie mayd,
And shee'le put that in, will make him caper:
Well Madam, well, you might ha'chose another,
A handsomer for your years.
La. Peace, he is rich Nurse,
He is rich, and that's beauty.
Nur. I am sure he is rotten,
Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her. *Termagant*!
La. What an angry quean is this, where,
Who looks to him? *Tob.* He is very merry Madam,
M. *Wildbrain*, has him in hand, ith' bottom oth' Sellar
He sighes and tipples. *Nur.* Alas good Gentleman,
My heart's sore for thee.
La. Sorrow must have his course, sirra,
Give him some Sack to dry up his remembrance,
How does the Bridegroom, I am afraid of him.
Nur. He is a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him.
Must my sweet new blown Rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near.
La. Peace, peace, thou art foolish.
Nur. And dances like a Town-top: and reels, and hobbles.
La. Alas, good Gentleman, give him not much wine,
Tob. He shall ha'none by my consent.
La. Are the women comforting my daughter?
New. Yes, yes, Madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience,
They read and pray for her too.
Nur. They had need,
Ye had better marry her to her grave a great deal:
There will be peace and rest, alas poor Gentlewoman,
Must she become a Nurse now in her tenderness?
Well Madam, well my heart bleeds.

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La. Thou art a fool ſtill. *Nur.* Pray heaven I be.
La. And an old fool to be vext thus.
Tis late ſhe muſt to bed, go knave be merry,
Drinke for a boy, away to all your charges. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain, and Franke Heartlove.

Wil. Do as thou wo't, but if thou doſt refuſe it
Thou art the ſtupid'ſt aſſe, there's no long arguing,
Time is too precious *Franke.*
Fr. I am hot with wine,
And apt now to believe, but if thou doſt this
Out of a villany, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough.
Wil. Does ſhe not love thee?
Did ſhe not cry down-right e'en now to part with thee?
Had ſhe not ſwounded if I had not caught her?
Canſt thou have more? *Fr.* I muſt confeſs all this.
Wil. Do not ſtand prating, and miſdoubting, caſting,
If ſhe go from thee now, ſhe's loſt for ever;
Now now ſhe's going, ſhe that loves thee going,
She whom thou lov'ſt. *Fr.* Pray let me think a little.
Wil. There is no leiſure; think when thou haſt imbrace'd her
Can ſhe imagine thou didſt ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oathes, that tamely ſuffer'ſt
An old dry ham of horſe-fleſh to enjoy her?
Enjoy her Maiden head; take but that from her
That we may tell poſterity a man had it;
A handſome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To ſave the honour of our houſe, the credit;
Tis no great matter I deſire. *Fr.* I hear you.
Wil. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And ophs, got by this ſhadow: we talke too long.
Fr. She is going to bed; among the women,
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wil. Let me alone, haſt thou a will? ſpeak ſoundly,
Speak diſcreetly, ſpeak home and handſomely,
Iſt not pitty, nay miſery, nay infamy to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a raskall.
Fr. I will go preſently, now, now, I ſtay thee.

Wil.

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Wil. Such a dainty Doe, to be taken
By one that knows not necke-beefe from a Pheſant,
Nor cannot reliſh Braggat from Ambroſia.
Is it not conſcience?
Fr. Yes, yes, now I feel it. *Wil.* A meritorious thing.
Fr. Good Father Wildgooſe,
I do confeſs it. *Wil.* Come then follow me.
And pluck a mans heart up, Ile locke thee privately,
Where ſhe alone ſhall preſently paſs by,
None near to interupt thee but be ſure;
Fr. I ſhall be ſure enough, lead on, and crown me.
Wil. No wringings in your mind now as you love me. *Ex.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Iuſtice, Gent. Nurſe, Newlove.

La. Tis time you were a bed. *Iu.* I prethee ſweet-heart
Conſider my neceſſity, why art ſad?
I muſt tell you a tale in your ear anon. *Nur.* Of *Tom Thumb.*
I believe that will prove your ſtiffeſt ſtory.
New. I pitty the young wench.
1. And ſo do I too.
2. Come, old ſticks take fire.
1. But the Plague is, he'l burn out inſtantly;
Give him another cup.
2. Thoſe are but flaſhes,
A tun of ſack wonot ſet him high enough.
Will ye to bed? *M.* I muſt.
1. Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowle to lye cloſe to you,
Make your beſt uſe.
Iu. Nay prethee Duck go inſtantly,
Ile daunce a Jig or two to warme my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. Tis almoſt midnight. *La.* Prethee to bed *Maria.*
Wil. Go you afore, and let the Ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts a while, there muſt be
A time of taking leave of the ſame fooleries
Bewailing others maiden-heads.
La. Come then,
We'l wait in the nex room.

In.

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In. Do not tarry.
For if thou doſt, by my troth I ſhall fall aſleep *Mall.* *Exit.*
Wi. Do, do, and dream of Dotrells, get you to bed quickly,
And let us ha'no more ſtir, come no, crying,
'Tis too late now, carry your ſelves diſcreetly,
The old thief loves thee dearly, thats the benefit.
For the reſt you muſt make your own play, Nay not that way,
Theil pull ye all to pieces, for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves, go modeſtly,
And privately ſteal to bed, 'tis very late *Mall,*
For if you go by them ſuch a new larum.
Ma. I know not which way to avoid 'em.
Wi. This way,
This through the Cloiſters: and ſo ſteal to bed,
When you are there once, all will ſeparate
And give ye reſt, I came out of my pity
To ſhew you this.
Ma. I thank you. *Wi.* Here's the keyes,
Go preſently and lock the doors faſt after ye,
That none ſhall follow.
Ma. Good night. *Wi.* Good night ſweet Coſen,
A good, and ſweet night, or Ile curſe thee *Frank.* *Exit.*

Enter Frank Hartlove.

Fra. She ſtayes long, ſure young *Wildgooſe* has abus'd me,
He has made ſport wi'me, I may yet get out again,
And I may ſee his face once more, I ha'foul intentions,
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark, it was the door,
Something comes this way, wondrous ſtill, and ſtealing
May be ſome walking ſpirit to affright me.
Ma. Oh heaven my fortune. *Fr.* 'Tis her voice, ſtay.
Ma. Save me,
Bleſs me you better powers.
Fr. I am no Devil. *Ma.* Y'are little better to diſturb me now.
Fr. My name is *Hartlove.* *Ma.* Fye, fye, worthy friend.
Fye noble ſir.
Fr. I muſt talk farther with ye,

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You

You know my fair affection.
Ma. So preserve it,
You know I am married now, for shame be civiller,
Not all the earth shall make me. *Fr.* Pray walk this way,
And if you ever lov'd me.
Ma. Take heed *Frank*
How you divert that love to hate, go home prethee.
Fr. Shall he enjoy that sweet? *Mar* Nay pray unhand me.
Fr. He that never felt what love was.
Ma. Then I charge you stand further off.
Fr. I am tame, but let me walk w'ye,
Talk but a minute.
Mar. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honour suffer not,
Ile walk a turn or two.
Fr. Give me your hand then. *Exit.*

Enter, Wildbrain, Iustice, Lady, Nurse, Gent. Women, Newlove.

Iust. Shee's not in her Chamber. *La.* She is not here.
Wil. And Ile tell you what I dream'd. *Iu.* Give me a Torch.
1. *G.* Be not too hasty sir. *Wil.* Nay let him go.
For if my dream be true, he must be speedy,
He will be trickt, and blaz'd else.
Nur. As I am a woman
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty,
Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold for tormenting her.
La. Ile hang her then.
Nur. Ile bless her then, she does justice,
Is this old drinking doggs flesh for her dyet?
Wil. Prethee honest Nurse do not fret too much,
For fear I dream youle hang your self too.
Iust. The Cloister?
Wil. Such was my fancy, I do not say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.
Iu. Where are the keyes, the keyes I say.
Wil. I dream'd she had 'em to lock her self in.
Nur. What a Devil do you mean?

Enter

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Enter Servant.

Wil. No harme, good Nurſe be patient.
Ser. They are not in the window, where they uſe to be.
Wil. What fooliſh dreams are theſe?
Iu. I am mad. *Wil.* I hope ſo,
If you be not mad, Ile do my beſt to make yee.
1. This is ſome tricke.
2. I ſmell the Wildgooſe.
Iu. Come gentlemen, come quickely I beſeech you,
Quicke as you can, this may be your caſe Gentlemen.
And bring ſome lights, ſome lights. *Exit.*
Wil. Move falter, falter, you'l come too late elſe.
Ile ſtay behind and pray for ye, I had rather she were dishoneſt,
Than thou shouldſt have her.

Enter Maria and Francke.

Mar. Y'are moſt unmanly. yet I have ſome breath left;
And this ſteel to defend me, come near me,
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life Ile kill you, if I miſs that,
Vpon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair beleeſe out, I had of you.
Fr. Moſt vertuous Maid, I have done, forgive my follies:
Pardon, O pardon, I now ſee my wickedneſs,
And what a monſtrous shape it puts upon me,
On your fair hand I ſeal. *Enter Iu.*
Iu. Down with the door.
Ma. We are betraid, oh *Francke*, *Franke*,
Fr. Ile dye for ye
Rather than you shall ſuffer, Ile ——
Iu. Now Enter. *Enter All.*
Enter ſweet Gentlemen, mine eyes, mine eyes,
Oh how my head akes.
1. Is it poſſible? 2. Hold her, she ſinkes.
Ma. A plot upon my honour
To poyſon my fair name, a ſtudied villany,
Farewell, as I have hope of peace, I am honeſt,
Iu. My brains, my brains, my monſtrous brains, they bud ſure.
Nu. She is gone, she is gone.

Iu.

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Ju. A handsome riddance of her.
Would I could as easily lose her memory.
Nur. Is this the sweet of Marriage, have I bred thee
For this reward?
1. Hold, hold, he's desperate too.
Ju. Be sure ye hold him fast, weele bind him over
To the next Sessions, and if I can, Ile hang him.
Fr. Nay then Ile live to be a terrour to thee,
Sweet Virgin Rose farewell: heaven has thy beauty,
That's onely fit for heaven. Ile live a little
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then most blessed soul, Ile climbe up to thee.
Farewell, I feel my self another creature. *Exit.*
La. Oh misery of miseries.
Nu. I told ye Madam.
La. Carry her in, you will pay back her portion.
Ju. No not a penny, pay me back my credit,
And Ile condition we'ye.
La. A sad wedding,
Her grave must be her Bridal bed, oh *Mall*,
Would I had wed thee to thy own content,
Then I had had thee still.
Ju. I am mad, farewell,
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tom Lurch. and his Boy.

Lur. What hast thou done?
Boy. I have walked through all the lodgings,
A silence as if death dwelt there inhabits.
Lur. What hast thou seen?
Boy. Nought but a sad confusion
Every thing left in such a loose disorder
That were there twenty theeves, they would be laden.
Lu. 'Tis very Well, I like thy care, but 'tis strange

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A wedding night ſhould be ſo ſolitary.

Boy. Certainly there is ſome cauſe, ſome death or ſickneſs
Is falne ſuddenly upon ſome friend,
Or ſome ſtrange news is come.

Lu. Are they all a bed?

Boy. I think ſo, and ſound aſleep, unleſs it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lur. Where's all the plate?

Boy. Why lockt up in that room.
I ſaw the old Lady, ere ſhe went to bed
Put up her plate, and ſome of the rich hangings
In a ſmal long cheſt, her chains and rings are there too,
It ſtands cloſe by the Table on a form.

Lur. 'Twas a good notice, didſt thou ſee the men.

Boy. I ſaw them ſad too, and all take their leaves,
But what they ſaid I was too far to hear ſir.

Lur. 'Tis daintily diſcover'd, we ſhall certainly
Have a moſt proſperous night, which way.

Boy. A cloſe one,
A back door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch neceſſaries,
Cloſe on the Garden ſide.

Lur. I love diligence,
Wert thou not fearful.

Boy. Fearful? Ile be hang'd firſt.

Lur. Say they had ſpied thee.

Boy. I was then determin'd
To have cry'd down right too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an intereſt in their ſadneſs,
Or made an errand to I know not whom ſir.

Lur. My dainty Boy, let us diſcharge, that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers,
Till I have faſt hold of it.

Boy. Pray be wiſe ſir, doe't handſomly, be not greedy,
Lets handle it with ſuch an excellence
As if we would bring theeving into honour:
We muſt diſguiſe, to fright theſe reverend watches.

Lur.

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Lur. Still my blest Boy.

Boy. And clear the Room of drunken jealousies,
The cheest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise ith' the carriage we may be snap'd.

Lur. Come open, here's a Devils face.

Boy. No, no, sir, weele have no shape so terrible,
We will not do the Devil so much pleasure,
To have him face our plot.

Lur. A winding sheet then.

Boy. Thats too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness,
I wonder you are an old thief, and no cunninger,
Where's the long Cloak?

Lur. Here, here.

Boy. Give me the Turbant
And the false beard, I hear some coming this way,
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct: stay let 'em enter,
And when I touch move forward, make no noise.

Enter Nurse and Tobie.

Nur. Oh 'its a sad time, all the burnt wine is burnt Nick.

Tob. We may thank your dry chaps for 't, the Canaries gone too
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon,
I cannot mourn in beer, if she should walk now
As discontented spirits are wont to do.

Nur. And meet us in the Cellar.

Tob. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defie the Devil with?

Nur. The March beer's open.

Tob. A fortification of March beer will do well,
I must confess 'tis a most mighty Armour,
For I presume I can't or pray.

Nur. Why *Nicholas*?

Tob. We Coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no pray'rs
Can go an even pace.

Nur. Hold up your candle.

Tob. Verily Nurse, I have cry'd so much
For my young Mistress, that I am mortified,

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That if I have not more ſack to ſuppore me,
I ſhall even ſleep, heiho, for another flagon;
Theſe Burials and Chriſtnings are the mournfull'ſt matters,
And they ask more drink.

Nur. Drink to a ſad heart's needful.

To. Mine's ever ſad, for I am ever dry Nurſe.

Nur. Methinks the light burns blew, I prethee ſnuffe it,
There's a thief in't I think.

To. There may be one near it.

Nur. Whats that that moves there, ith' name of——*Nicholas*
That thing that walks.

To. Would I had a ladder to behold it,
Mercy upon me, the Ghoſt of one oth' Guard ſure,
'Tis the devil by his clawes, he ſmells of Brimſtone,
Sure he farts fire, what an Earth-quake I have in me;
Out with thy Prayer-book Nurſe.

Nur. It fell ith' the frying-pan, and the Cat's eat it.

Tob. I have no power to pray, it grows ſtill longer,
'Tis Steeple high now, and it ſails away Nurſe.
Lets call the Butler up, for he ſpeaks Latine,
And that will daunt the devil: I am blaſted,
My belly's grown to nothing.

Nu. Fye, fye, *Tobie.* *Exit.*

Bo. So let them go, and whilſt they are aſtoniſh'd
Let us preſently upon the reſt now ſuddenly.

Lur. Off, off, and up agen, when we are near the Parlour,
Art ſure thou knowſt the Cheſt?

Boy. Though it were ith' dark ſir,
I can go to't.

Lur. On then and be happy, *Exit.*

Enter Tobie.

Tob. How my haunches quake, is the thing here ſtill?
Now can I out-do any Button-maker, at his own trade,
I have fifteen fits of an Ague, Nurſe, 'tis gone I hope,
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurſe——
And ſhe knows too I ha but a lean conſcience to keep me company.

Noiſe within.

The devil's among 'em in the Parlour ſure,

The

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The Ghoſt three ſtories high, he has the Nurſe ſure,
He is boyling of her bones now, hark how ſhe whiſtles:
There's Gentlewomen within too, how will they do?
Ile to the Cook, for he was drunk laſt night,
And now he is valiant, he is a kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire,

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. No light?

Boy. None left ſir,
They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em,
Their fright is infinite, let's make good uſe on't,
We muſt be quick ſir, quick, or the houſe will riſe elſe.

Lu. VVas this the Cheſt?

Boy. Yes, yes.

Lur. There was two of 'em.
Or I miſtake.

Boy. I know the right, no ſtay ſir,
Nor no diſcourſe, but to our labour luſtily,
Put to your ſtrength and make as little noiſe,
Then preſently out at the back door.

Lur. Come Boy.
Come happy child and let me hug thy excellence. *Exit.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wil. VVhat thouſand noiſes paſs through all the rooms?
VVhat cryes and hurries? ſure the devil's drunk.
And tumbles through the houſe, my villanies
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now moleſt me;
My Coſens death ſits heavy o'my conſcience,
VVould I had been half hang'd when I hammer'd it.
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial
That *Frank* might have had ſome hope: hark ſtill
In every room confuſion, they are all mad,
Moſt certain all ſtark mad within the houſe,
A puniſhment inflicted for my lewdneſs,
That I might have the more ſenſe of my miſchief,
And run the more mad too, my Aunt is hang'd ſure,
Sure hang'd her ſelf, or elſe the fiend has fete'd her;

I heard

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I heard a hundred cryes, the Devil, the Devil,
Then roaring and then tumbling, all the chambers
Are a meer Babel, or another Bedlam.
VVhat should I think? I shake my self too:
Can the Devil find no time, but when we are merry,
Here's something comes. *Enter Newlove.*
New. Oh that I had some company,
I care not what they were, to ease my misery,
To comfort me,
Wil. VVhose that?
New. Again? noy then receive——
Wil. Hold, hold I am no fury.
The Merchants wife.
New. Are ye a man? pray heaven you be.
Wil. I am.
New. Alas I have met sir
The strangest things to night.
Wil. VVhy do you stare.
New. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out,
For if I see the spirit again I dye for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.
Wil. Ile warrant you, Ile hold ye,
Hold ye as tenderly; I have put the light out,
Retire into my Chamber, there Ile watch we'ye,
Ile keep you from all frights.
New. And will ye keep me.
Wil. Keep you as secure Lady.
New. You must not wrong me then, the devil will have us.
Wil. No, no, Ile love you, then the devil will fear us.
For he fears all that love, pray come in quickly,
For this is the malicious house he walks in,
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses, now within this half hour
He will have powe. to turn all Citizens wives
Into strange creatures, Owles, and long-taild Monkeys,
Jayes, Pies, and Parrots, quickly, I smell his brimstone,
New. It comes agen I am gone, shift for your self sir. *Exit.*
Wil. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion,

Here's

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Here's nothing comes, all they are mad, damd devil
To drive her back agen, 't had been thy policy
To have let us alone, we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hel-hood laugh, tis a dainty wench,
If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins
Nor all their clawes should scratch her hence, Ile stay still,
May be her fright will bring her back a gen,
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Tob. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber,
Sure they are all ith' Cellar, and I cannot find that neither,
I am led up and down like a tame ass, my light's out
And I grope up and down like blind-man buffe,
And break my face, and break my pate.

VVil. It comes again sure
I see the shadow, Ile have faster hold now,
Sure she is mad, I long to lye with a mad-woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.

Tob. I hear one whisper
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets,
I have a glimpse of her guise, 'tis she would steal me,
But Ile stand sure.

Tob. I have but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run, oh for my bed now.

VVil. She nam'd a bed, I like that, she repents sure,
Where is she now?

Tob. Who's that?

VVil. Are you there, In, In, In presently.

Tob. I feel his talents through me,
'Tis an old haggard devil, what will he do with me?

VVil. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick.

Tob. A leacherous Devil.

VVil. What a hairy whore 'tis, sure she has a muffler.

Tob. If I should have a young Satan by him, for I dare not deny him,
In what case were I? who durst deliver me?

VVil. 'Tis but my fancy, she is the same, in quickly, gently my Sweet:

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Sweet girle.

To. Sweet devil be good to me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. VVhere's my love, Boy.

Boy. She,s coming with a Candle
To see our happy prize.

Lur. I am cruel weary.

Boy. I cannot blame ye, plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.

Lur. The fear too
At every stumble to be discovered boy,
At every cough to raise a Constable,
VVell, wee'le be merry now.

Boy. VVe have some reason;
Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious sir to live upon.
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their nature as much merit
As his, that digs 'em out 'oth mine, they last too
Season'd with doubts and dangers most delitiously,
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.

Lu. Most learned child.

Enter Mistress.

Mi. Y'are welcome, where have you left it.

Lu. in the next room, hard by. *Mi.* Is it plate all.

Lu. All, all, and Jewels, I am monstrous weary,
Prethee let's go to bed.

Mi. Prethee let's see it first.

Lu. To morrow's a new day sweet. *Mi.* Yes to melt it,
But let's agree to night, how it shall be handled,
Ile have a new gown. *Sur.* Shat have any thing.

Mi. And such a riding suite as Mistress *Newlove's*,
VVhat though I be no Gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lu. Thou sayst right.

Mi. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lackquay.

Lur. Thou shat have horses six, and a postilion.

Mi. That

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Mi. That will be ſtately ſweet heart a poſtilion.
Lu. Nay wee'le be in faſhion he ſhall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would dampe a muſket,
The inſide of our coach ſhall be of ſcarlet.
Mi. That will be deer.
Lu. There is a dye proje&ting
Will make it cheape wench, come thou ſhalt have any thing.
Mi. Where is this cheſt, I long ſweete to behold
Our Indies.
Boy Miſtreſſe lets melt it firſt, and then tis fit
You ſhould diſpoſe it, then tis ſafe from danger.
Mi. Ile be a loving Miſtreſſe to my boy too.
Now fetch it in and lets rejoyce upon't.
Boy. Hold youre light Miſtreſſe, we may ſee to enter.
Mi. Ha whats here? call you this a cheſt?
Boy We ha miſt ſir.
Our haſt and want of light made us miſtake. *Mi.* A very Coffin.
Lu. How! a Coffin? Boy, Tis very like one.
Boy. The devill ow'd us a ſhame, and now he has paid us.
Mi. Is this your Treaſure? *Boy* Bury me alive in't.
Lu. It may be there is no roome.
Mi. Nay, I will ſearch it:
Ile ſee what wealth's within,——a womans face,
And a faire womans.
Boy. I cannot tell ſir,
Belike this was the ſadneſſe that poſſeſt 'em;
The plate ſtood next, I'me lure.
Lur. I ſhake I ſhake Boy, what a cold ſweat——
Boy. This may worke, what will become on's ſir?
Mi. She is cold, dead cold: de'e find 'your conſcience,
De'e bring your Gillians hither ——nay, ſhee's puniſh'd,
Your conceal'd love's caſ'd up?
Lur. Tis *Maria*, the very ſame, the Bride, new horror!
Mi. Theſe are fine tricks, you hope ſhee's in a ſound,
But Ile take order ſhe ſhall ne'r recover
To bore my noſe, come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or Ile cry out; take her up inſtantly.
Lu. Be not ſo haſty foole, that may undoe us;

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We may be in for murther ſo; be patient,
Thou ſeeſt ſhe's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Mi. I am ſure ſhe ſhall not. *Boy.* Be not ſir dejected,
Too much a ſtrange miſtake! this had not been elſe,
It makes me almoſt weep to think upon't.
Lu. What an unluckie theef am I?
Mi. Ile no conſidering, either beſtir your ſelf, or —
Lu. Hold.
Mi. Let it not ſtay, to ſmell then, I will not
Indure the ſtink of a Rival.
Lu. Would twere there agen. *Boy.* We muſt bury her.
Lur. But where o'th ſudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us.
Mi. Take a Spade and follow me,
The next fair ground we meet, make the Church-yard;
As I live, Ile ſee her lodg'd. *Exit.*
Lu. It muſt be ſo,
How heavy my heart is, I ha no life left.
Boy. I am paſt thinking too, no underſtanding,
That I ſhould miſſe the right Cheſt.
Lu. The happy Cheſt.
Boy. That, which I ſaw and markt too.
Lu. Well paſſion wo'not help us,
Had I twenty fals for this?
Boy, Twas my fault ſir.
And twenty thouſand fears for this, oth'devil,
Now could I curſe, well, we have her now,
And muſt diſpoſe her.

Enter Miſtreſſe.

Mi. Hang both for two blind buzzards, here's a Spade
Quickly or Ile call the neighbours.
There's no remedy,
Would the poor hungry priſoners had this paſtie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuſtice, and a Servant with a light.

Ser. Twas a ſtrange miſchance ſir.
In. Miſchance, ſaiſt? No twas happineſſe to me,
There's ſo much charge ſav'd, I have her portion,
Ile marry twenty more on ſuch conditions.
Ser. Did it not trouble you ſir,
To ſee her dead? *In.*

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In. Not much, I thank my conſcience;
I was tormented till that happen'd, furies
Were in my brain to think my ſelf a Cuckold
At that time of the night:
When I come home, I charge you ſhut my doors,
Locks, bolts, and barres, are little enough to ſecure me.
Ser. Why, and pleaſe you?
In. Fool to ask that queſtion;
To keep out women, I expect her mother
Will viſit me with her clamors, oh I hate
Their noiſe, and do abhorre the whole ſex heartily;
They are all walking Devils, Harpyes, I will ſtudy
A week together how to raile ſufficiently,
Upon e'm all, and that I may be furniſh'd,
Thou ſhalt buy all the railing Books and Ballads,
That Malice hath invented againſt women,
I will read nothing elſe, and practiſe 'em,
Till I grow fat with curſes.
Ser. If youle go
To th'charge, let me alone to find you Books.
In. They come neer us. *Ser.* Whats that?
In. Where? hold up the Torch Knave.
Ser. Did you hear nothing, 'tis a ——
In. Why doſt make a ſtand? *Ser.* Whats that?
In. Where, where, doſt ſee any thing?
We are hard by the Church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in ſrch irkſome places;
They ſay Ghoſts walk ſometimes, hark, de'e hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Boy and *Miſtreſſe.*

Mi. No further, dig here, and lay her in quickly.
Lur. VVhat light is that Boy, we ſhall be diſcover'd;
Set the Coffin up an end, and get behind me,
There's no avoiding. *Boy.* Oh!
In. VVhere's that groan? I begin to be afraid.
Ser. VVhat ſhall we do ſir?
In. VVe are almoſt at home now, thou muſt go forward;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.
Lur. Tis he? *Boy.* I know him too, let me alone.
Ser. Oh ſir, a Ghoſt, the very Ghoſt of Miſtreſſe Bride,

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I have no power to runne away.

Iu. Curſed Ghoſt, bleſſe me, preſerve me,
I doe command thee what ſo ere thou art,
I doe conjure thee leave me; doe not fright me;
If thou beeſt a divell vexe me not ſo ſoone,
If thou beeſt
The ſpirit of my wife. *Boy* Thy wife.

Iu. I ſhall be tormented.

Boy. Thy abus'd wife, that cannot peaceably
Enjoy her death, thou haſt an evill conſcience. *Ju.* Ikow it

Boy. Among thy other ſinnes which blacke thy ſoule,
Call to thy minde thy vow made to another,
Whom thou haſt wrong'd, and make her ſatisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man, or elſe
A thouſand black tormentors ſhall purſue thee,
Vntill thou leape into eternall flames;
Where gold which thou adoreſt here on earth
Melted, the Fiends ſhall powre into thy throate;
For this time paſſe, goe home and thinke upon me.

Lur. Away. *Ser.* There are more ſpirits.

Iu. Thanke you deare wife,
Ile beſtow twentie nobles of a Tombe for thee,
Thou ſhalt not walke and catch cold after death.

They goe Backward in.

Lu. So, ſo, they'r gone, twas my ingenious raſcal:
But how doſt know he made vowes to another?

Boy. I over-heard the women talke to night on't;
But now lets loſe no time ſir, pray lets bury
This Gen lewoman, where's my Miſtreſſe? *Enter Miſtreſſe.*

Mi. Here I durſt not tarry.

Lu. we ha ſo coſen'd the old fofty i'th hundred,
And the devill hinder him not, hee'le goe a pilgrimage;
But come, about our buſineſſe, ſet her downe agen.

Mar. Oh! *Lur.* Shee groanes, ha.

Mar Oh! *Lur.* Agen, ſhe ſtirres.

Mi. Lets fly, or elſe we ſhall be torne in peeces.

Lur. And you be good at that, bury your ſelfe,
Or let the Sexton take ye for his fee,

Away

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Away boy. *Exit.*

Mar. I am very cold, dead cold;
Where am I? What's this? a Coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me: Ha, I doe remember
I was betrai'd, and ſwounded; my heart akes,
I am wondrous hungry too, dead bodies eate not;
Sure I was meant for buriall, I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of Ice dwells round about me,
Darkneſſe ſpreads o're the world too, where? what path?
Beſt providence direct me. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lady, Wildbraine, Women, Toby.

La. THou art the moſt unfortunate fellow;

Wil. Why Aunt what have I done?

La. The moſt malicious varlet,
Thy wicked head never at reſt, but hammering,
And haching helliſh things, and to no purpoſe,
So thou maiſt have thy baſe will.

Wi. Why doe you raile thus?
Cannot a ſcurvy accident fall out,
But I muſt be at one end on't?

La. Thou art at both ends.

Wi. Cannot young ſullen wenches play the fools,
And marry, and die, but I muſt be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perſwade her,
(And as I take it) I was bound to it too,
To make the reverend coxecombe her husband Cuckold:
What elſe could I adviſe her, was there harme i' this?
You are of yeares, and have runne through experience,
Would you be content if you were young agen,
To have a continuall cough grow to your pillow,
A rottenneſſe, that vaults are perfumes to
Hang in youre rooſe, and like a fogge infect you;
Anointed hammes to keepe his hinges turning

Reek

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Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night caps,
With twenty several sweats.
To. Some Jew, some Justice,
A thousand heathen smels to say truth Madam,
And would you mellow my young pretty Mistresse
In such a mis-ken?
La. Sirra,
Where's the body of my Girle?
Wi. I know not,
I am no Conjurer, you may look the body,
I was like to be stoln away my self, the Spirit
Had like to ha surpris'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.
To. So had I Madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty Spirits
In every corner of the house a Fiend met me.
La. You lie like raskals,
Was Mistresse *Newlove* such a Spirit sir
To fright your worship;
Well, I discharge you sir, ye are now at libertie,
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy,
You know your substance, though you are my Nephew,
I am no way bound sir to protect your mischief;
So fare you well.
Wi. Farewell good Aunt, I thank you,
Adiew honest *Nick*, the devil if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones, for this marriage,
Farewel Mistresse *Win.*
To. And shall we part with dry lips;
Shall we that have been fellow devils together
Flench for an old womans fart?
Wi. Tis a fine time a night too, but we must part *Nick.*
To. Shall we never ring again? ne're tosse the tenor,
And roul the changes in a Cup of Claret?
You shall not want what ere I lay my hands on,
As I am sure *Automedon* the Coachman,
Shall be distributed; bear up, I say, hang sorrow,
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure,
Sam the Butlers true, the Cook a reverend Trojan,

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The Faulkner ſhall ſell his Hawkes, and ſwear they were rotten,
There be ſome wandring ſpoons, that may be met with,
Ile pawn a Coach horſe, peace, utter no ſentences,
The harneſſe ſhall be us'd in our warres alſo;
Or ſhall I drive her) tell me but your will now,
Say but the word) over ſome rotten bridg,
Or by a Marle pit ſide, ſhe may ſlip in daintily,
Let me alone for my ſelf.

Wi. No, no, farewel *Toby*,
Farewel ſpinie *Nicholas*, no ſuch thing,
There be wayes i'the world, if you ſee me
A day or two hence, may be weel'le crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell, commend to the houſhold;
Nay, cry not *Toby* 'twill make thy head giddy.

To. Sweet Maſter *Wildbraine*.

Wi. No more *Toby*, go, the times may alter ——
But where's the coarſe of my dead coſen,
(If ſhe be dead) I hop'd 'had but diſſembled
That ſits heavy here: *Toby*, honeſt *Toby*,
Lend me thy Lanthorn, I forgot 'was dark,
I had need look to my wayes now.

To. Take a lodging with me to night in the Stable,
And ride away to morrow with one of the horſes
Next your heart, pray do.

Wi. No, good night good neighbour *Toby*, I will wander,
I ſcorn to ſubmit my ſelf, ere I have rambled,
But whether, or with what, that's more material;
No matter, and the worſt come it is but ſtealing,
And my Aunt won'ot ſee me hang'd for her own credit,
And farewel in a halter coſts me nothing. *Exit.*

Enter Hartlove.

Fran. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The Goblins, Hagges, and the black ſpawne of darkneſſe,
Cannot fright me, no death, I dare thy cruelty.
For I am weary both of life and light too;
Keep my wits heaven, they ſay ſpirits appear
To melancholly minds, and the graves open,
I would fain ſee the fair *Maria*'s ſhadow,
But ſpeak unto her ſpirit ere I dyed,

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But ask upon my knees a mercy from her;
I was a villain, but her wretched Kinſman,
That ſet his plot, ſhall with his heart blood ſatisfie
Her injur'd life and honor, what lights this?

Enter Wildbrain with a Lanthorn.

Wil. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The Tavern doors are baracado'd too,
Where I might drink till morn in expectation;
I cannot meet the Watch neither; nothing in
The likeneſſe of a Conſtable, whom I might
In my diſtreſſe abuſe, and ſo be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Fra. Tis his voyce, Fate, I thanke thee.

Wi. Ha, who's that, and thou beeſt a man ſpeak?
Franke Heartlove, then I bear my deſtinies,
Thou art the man of all the world I wiſh'd for;
My Aunt has turn'd me out a doores, ſhe has,
At this unchriſtian houre, and I doe walke,
Me thinks, like *Guido Faux* with my darke Lanthorn,
Stealing to ſet the towne a fire; ith' country
I ſhould be tane for William o' the Wiſpe,
Or Robin Good fellow, and how doſt *Frank*?

Ha. The worſe for you.

Wi. Come, thar's a foole, art going to thy lodging?
Ile lie with thee to night, and tell thee ſtories,
How many devills we ha met withal;
Our houſe is haunted *Franke*, whole legions,
I ſaw fiftie for my ſhare. *Fr.* Didſt not fright e'm?

Wi. How, fright e'm? no they frighted me ſufficiently.

Fr. Thou had't wickedneſſe enough to make them ſtare,
And be afraid o'thee, malicious devil;
And draw thy ſword, for by *Marias* ſoule;
I will not let thee ſcape to do more miſchiefe.

Wi. Thou art mad, what doſt meane?

Fr. To kill thee, nothing elſe will eaſe my anger,
The injury is freſh, I bleede with all,
Nor can that word expreſſe it, there's no peace in't,
Nor muſt it be forgiven but in death;

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Therefore call up thy valour if thou'lt any,
And ſummon up thy ſpirits to defend thee;
Thy heart muſt ſuffer for thy damn'd practiſes,
Againſt thy noble coſen, and my innocence.

Wi. Hold, heare a word; did I doe any thing
But for your good, that you might have her,
That in that deſperate time I might redeeme her,
Although with ſhew of loſſe.

Fr. Out ugly villaine,
Fling on her the moſt hated name of Whore
To the worlds eye, and face it out in courteſie,
Bring him to ſee't and make me drunke to attempt it.

Enter Maria.

Ma. I heare ſome voyces this way.

Fr. No more, if you can pray, doe it as you fight.

Ma. What new frights oppoſe me? I have heard that tongue.

Wi. Tis my fortune,
You could not take me in a better time ſir,
I ha nothing to loſe, but the love I lent thee,
My life my ſword protect.

Ma. I know'em both, but to prevent their ruines,
Muſt not diſcover —— ſtay men moſt deſperate;
The miſchiefe you are forward to commit
Will keepe me from my grave, and tie my ſpirit
To endleſſe troubles elſe.

Wi. Ha, tis her Ghoſt. *Fr. Maria.*

Ma. Heare me both, each wound you make
Runnes through my ſoule, and is a new death to me,
Each threatning danger will affright my reſt;
Looke on me *Hartlove*, and my kinſman view me;
Was I not late in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miſerable? full of all misfortunes?
But you muſt adde with your moſt impious angers
Unto my ſleeping duſt this inſolence?
Would you teach time to ſpeake eternally
Of my diſgraces; make Records to keep'em,
Keep them in braſs? fight then, and kill my honor;
Fight deadly both, and let your bloody ſwords,
Through my reviv'd, and reeking infamy
(That never ſhall be purg'd) finde your owne ruines:

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Hartlove, I lov'd thee once, and hop'd again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit,
If thou kil'st him, thou art a murtherer,
And murther shall never inherit heaven:
My time is come, my concealed grave expects me,
Farewel, and follow not, your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace: I hope they are melted,
This is my way sure. *Exit.*

Fr. Stay blessed soul.

Wi. VVould she had come sooner, and ha sav'd some blood.

Fr. Dost bleed?

Wi. Yes certainly, I can both see and feel it.

Fr. Now I well hope it is not dangerous;
Give me thy hand, as honor guides me,
Ile know thee again. *Exit.*

Wi. I thank thee heartily;
I know not where to get a Surgeon;
This vision troubles me, sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it;
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy,
If I go far I faint, Ile knock at this house,
They may be charitable, would t'were perfect day.

Enter Mistresse.

Mi. Tis not he? What would you sir?

Wi. I would crave a little rest Lady,
And for my hurts some Surgerie, I am a Gentleman
That Fortune of a fight ----

Mi. A handsome Gentleman,
Alas he bleeds, a very handsome Gentleman.

Wil. A sweet young wench, beshrow my heart a fair one;
Fortune has made me some recompence,

Mi. Pray come in, the air is hurtful for you
Pray let me lead you, Ile have a bed for you presently,
Ile be your Surgeon too, alas sweet Gentleman.

Wi. I feel no hurts, the morning comes too fast now.

Mi. Softly I beseech you. *Exit.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

To. He is not up yet Madam, what mean't you
To come forth so early? *La.* You block head;
Your eyes are sow'd up still, they cannot see
When it is day: oh my poor *Maria*; Where

Where be the women?

To. They said they would follow us.

La. He shall not laugh thus at my misery,
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her Portion too.

To. Let him be hang'd for't,
You have my voice.

La. These women not come yet?
A sonne in law, Ile keep a Conjurer,
But Ile find out his knavery.

To. Do, and Ile help him.
And if he were here this whip should conjure him,
Here's a capias, and it catch hold on's breech,
Ide make him soon beleeve the Devil were there.

La. An old Usurer,

To. He married the mony, thats all he lookt for,
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

La. Ile swim him;
This is his house, I wonder they stay thus,
That we might raile him out on's wits.

To. They'le come,
Fear not Madam, and bring clappers with 'em
Or some have lost their old wont, I have heard
No disparagement to your Ladiship, some o'their tongues
Like Tom a Lincolne three miles off.

La. Oh fie,
How tedious are they?

To. What and we lost no time,
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our Instruments, till the consort come
To make up the full noise, Ile knock.

In. Who's that? rapt so sawcily?

To. Tis I, *Toby*, come down, or else we'le fetch you down,
Alas, this is but the Sauncebell, here's a Gentlewoman
Will ring you another peal, come down, I say.

In. Some new fortifications, look to my doors,
Put double barres, I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her Tribe, they come to terrefie me:
Keep out her tongue too if you can.

La. I hear you,

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And I will send my tongue up to your worship,
The Ecceho of it shall flye o're the streete;
My Daughter, that thou killedst with kindnesse (Jew)
That thou betrayedst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body.
To. Iew's too good for him.
Iu. I defie you both;
Thy daughter plaid the villaine and betray'd me:
Betray'd my honor.
La. Honor, Rascal,
And let that bear an action, Ile try it with thee,
Honor?
To. Oh Reprobate!
La. Thou mustie Iustice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thy selfe.
To. A worshipful ropes end is too good for him.
La. Get honor that way, thou wot die a dogge else.
To. Come and be whipt first.
La. Where is her Portion. *Enter Nurse and women.*
Iu. Where Ile keepe it safely.
Nur. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it.
Iu. More of the kennel? put more bolts to th doores there,
And arme your selves, hell is broke loose upon us.
To. I am glad y'are come, weele blow the house down.
La. Oh Nurse, I haue such cause——
Wo. Villaine, viper, although you had no cause, we are bound
To helpe.
Nur. Yes, and beleeve, we come not here to examine,
And if you please weele fire the house.
Iu. Call the Constable.
To. A charitable motion, fire is comfortable.
La. No no, wele only let him know our minds,
We will commit no outrage, he's a Lawyer.
Iu. Give me my musket.
La. Where's my daughters body,
That I may bury it?
Wo. Speak, or weele bury thee.
Nur. Alive weele bury thee, speak old Iniquitie.
To. Bury him alive by all meanes for a testimony.
Iu. Their voyces make my house reel, oh for Officers,

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I am in a dreame, thy daughters ſpirit
Walkes a nights, and troubles all the neighbours,
Goe hire a Conjurer, Ile ſay no more.
La. The Law ſhall ſay more,
Wo. Nur. We are witneſſes,
And if thou beeſt not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher, and Boy.

Lur. Buy a book of good manners,
A ſhort Book of good manners.
Boy. Buy a ballad, a ballad of the maid was got with child
To. That might ha beene my caſe laſt night,
Ile ha't what ere it coſt me.
Boy. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow.
To. I will have that too;
There was an Aunt of mine, I thinke amongſt e'm,
I would be glad to heare her Teſtament.
Lur. A new book of women,
Iu. The thunders laid, how they ſtare at him
Lur. A new book of fooles, a ſtrange book,
Very ſtrange fooles.
Iu. Ile owe thee a good turne what ere thou art.
Lur. A book of walking ſpirits.
Iu. That I like not.
To. Nor I, they walk'd me the fooles morris.
Lur. A book of wicked women.
Iu. Thats well thought on.
Lur. Of rude malicious women, of proud women,
Of ſcolding, women, we ſhall here get in.
Boy. A ballad of wrong'd Maides.
La. Ile buy that.
Lur. A little very little book,
Of good and godly women, a very little one.
So little, you may put it in a nutſhel.
To. with a ſmall print, that no body can read it.
Nur. Peace ſirra, or Ile teare your books.
Iu. Open the doore, and let him in, I love him
Lur. A book of evil Magiſtrates,
La. I marry, dee hear that Juſtice.
Lur. And their eviller wives,
That weare their places in their peticotes.

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Ju. Dee you hear that Lady,

Boy. A book new printed, against Playing,
Dancing, Masking, May-poles; a zealous Brothers book,
And full of Fables.

Lur. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March.

Exit.

La. Are you got in?
We would ha pul'd your knaves hide o'e; this fellow
Was sent to abuse us, but we shall have time
To talk more with this Justice.

Ju. Farewel Madam, as you like this come visit me again.
You and your treble strings, now scold your hearts out.

Wo. Shall he carry it thus away?

Nur. Go to the Judge, and what you'le have us swear.

La. I thank ye heartily,
Ile keep that for the last, I will go home,
And leave him to his Conscience for a while,
If it sleep long, Ile wake it with a vengeance.

Exit.

Enter Servants.

1. What book has he given thee?

2. A dainty book, a book of the great Navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of Canon proof,
Built upon Whales to keep their keels from sinking,
And Dragons in'em, that spit fire ten mile,
And Elephants that carry goodly castles.

1. Dost thou believe it?

2. Shall we not beleeve books in Print?

1. I have *John Taylors* book of Hempseed too,
Which for two nights I napped on by chance,
I reverence.

2. I prethee what are they?

1. They are so put upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix,
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily, and learnedly he bangs him,
So many a Puritans ruff, though starched in Print,
Be turn'd to Paper, and a Play writ in't,
A Play in the Puritans ruff: Ile buy his Works for't,
And confute *Horace* with a Water Poet;
What hast there a ballad too?

This?

2. This is a peece of Poetry indeed,

He sings; Justice cries within.

What noise is that?

1. Some cry ith' streets; prethee sing on.

2. Agen, dost not hear? 'tis ith' house certainly.

Sing again.

1. Tis a strange noise? and has a tang o'the Justice.

Enter the Servants bringing in their Master bound and gagg'd. *Exit.*

1. Untie his feet, pull out his gag, he will choak else.

What desperate rogues were these.

2. Give him fresh air.

Ju. I will never study books more;
I am undone, these villains have undone me.
Rifled my Desk, they have undone me learnedly;
A fire take all mein books, He burn my Study;
Where were you rascals when the villains bound me,
You could not hear.

1. He gave us books sir, dainty books to busie us;
And we were reading in that which was the Brewhouse;
A great way off, we were singing ballads too,
And could not hear.

Ju. This was a precious theef,
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe.

2. What ha you lost sir?

Ju. They ransack'd all before my face, and threatned
To kill me, if I cough'd, they have a chain,
My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too,
They rob'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,
They took away some writings; twas a Rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady,
I will indite her for't.

1. Shall we pursue 'em?

Ju. Run, run, cursed raskals,
I am out of my wits, let not a creature in,
No not with necessaries. 2. We shall be starv'd.

Ju. Ile buy my meat at window, as they passe by;
I wonot trust my Scrivenor, he has books too;
And bread Ile ha slung up; I charge ye all
Burn all the books i'th house.

1. Your little Prayer book?

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Iu. Ile never pray agen, ile have my doores
Made up, nothing but walls, and thicke ones too;
No sound shall tempt me a gen, remember I
Have for swoare bookes,
2. If you should be call'd to take your oath
Iu. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likenesse of a booke:
And I were condemn'd, Ile rather chuse to hang,
Than read agen; come in, and search all places;
They may be about the house, were the doores lock'd?
1. But the keyes in 'em, and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in sir.
Iu. Never was man so miserably undone,
I would lose a limbe to see their rogueships thrice. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurse.

La. Thy brothers daughter, saist, and born in Wales?
Nur. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope
Your Ladiship will not be offended.
La. No, no.
Nur. I should be happy if she might be serviceable
To you Madam.
La. Beshrow me, but at first, she took me much,
Is she not like *Maria*? setting aside,
Her language very like her, and I love her
The better for't, I prethee call her hither,
She speakes feat English.
Nur. Why *Guennith, Guennith, da lumpish Gueneth*;
She is course Madam, after her country guise,
And were she in fine clothes ——
La. Ile have her handsome; *Enter Maria.*
What part of Wales were you borne in?
Ma. In Abehundis Madams.
Nur. She speakes that name in Welsh, which we call Brecknocke
La. What can you do?
Ma. Her was toe many rings in Walls, know not the fashion in Londons? her was milk the Cowes, make seeze and butters, and spinne very well the Welsh freeze, her was Cooke to the Mountain cots, and sing very fine prittish tunes was mage good ales and breds, and her know to dance on Sundayes, marge you now Madams.

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La. A pretty innocence, I doe like her infinitely, *Nurse*,
And if I live— *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Here is Mr. *Hartlove*, Madam come to see you.

La. Alas poore Gentleman, prethee admit him.

Enter Hartlove and Gent.

Ha. Madam, I am come to take my last leave.

La. How sir?

Ha. Of all my home affections, and my friends,
For the interest you had once in *Maria*,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdome.

La. Would there were any thing in my poore power
That might divert your will, and make you happy;
I am sure I haue wrong'd her too, but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable; shee's dead
Which makes us both sads What do you look on?
The likest face—

Ma. Pleese us awle, why does that sentilman make such unders and mazements at her, I know her not.

Ha. Be not offended maid. (him.

La. How the Wench blushes, shee represents *Maria* loose to

Ma. Will the sentilman hurt her, pray you be her defences, was haue mad phisnomies, is her troubled with Lunaticks in her praine pans, bleese us awle.

Ha. Where had you this face?

Ma. Her faces be our none I warrant her.

Ha. I wonot hurt you, all the lineaments
That built *Maria* up; all those springing beauties
Dwell on this thing, change but her tongue I know her:
Let me see your hand.

Ma. Du Guin, was never theeves, and robberies; here is no sindge in her hands warrant her.

Ha. Trust me, the self-same white,
And softnesse, prethee speak our English Dialect.

Ma. Haleggs? what does her speage hard urds to her, to make poore *Guenuth* ridicles, was no mannerly sentilman to abuse her.

Ha. By the love,
That everlasting love I bare *Maria*—

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Ma. Maria, her name was *Guenith*, and good names, wa poore elſe, oman maide, her have no fine kanags to madge her trickſie, yet in her owne cuntries was held a fine enſe her can tels her, and honeſt enſe too, marg you dat now, her can keepe her little legges cloſe enough warrant her.

La. How pretily this anger ſhewes.

1. She gabbles innocently.

Ha. Madam farewell, and all good fortune dwell w'ee,
With me my owne affections; farwell maid,
Faire gentle maide.

2 She ſighes. *Ma.* Du eat a whee.

Ha. I cannot goe, theres ſomwhat calls me backe.

Ma. Poore *Franke*,
How gladly would I entertaine thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but ſhame forbids, me:
If pleaſe her Ladyſhip dwell here with *Guenneth*, and learne to ſpinne and card ull, to mage flannells, and linſeyes ulſeis, ſall tawgco'd urds to her *Ladyſhips* urſhips for her.

The teares flow from him,

The teares of true affection, woe is me,
O curſed love that glories in maids miſeries,
And true mens broken hearts. (forgive her.

La. Alas I pitty him, the wench is rude, and knowes you not,

Ma. Wyne your nyes pray you, though was porne in Walls 'mong craggy rocks, and mountaines yet heart is ſoft, looke you, hur can weepe too, when hur ſee men mage prinie teares and lamentations.

Ha. How hard ſhe holds me?
Juſt as *Maria* did, weepes the ſame drops,
Now as I have a living ſoule, her ſight too;
What ſhall I thinke, is not your name *Maria*,
If it be not, delude me with ſo much charity
To ſay it is.

Ma. Vpon her life, you was mightie deal in love with ſome podies, your pale ſeekes and hollow nyes, and pantings upon her poſome, know very well, becauſe looke you, her thinke her honeſt ſentilman, you ſall call her *Maria*.

Ha. Good Madam, thinke not ill I am thus fawcie,

La.

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La. Oh no sir, be you not angry with the wench.

Ha. I am most pleas'd.

1. Lets interrupt him, hee'l be mad outright else.

2. Observe a little more.

Ha. Would I could in your language beg a kisse,

Ma. If her have necessities of a kisse, looke you, dere is one in sarities.

Ha. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinnd cherries
Be more a kin, then her lips to *Marias*;
And if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same, good *Madam*, shall I have
Your consent now.

La. To what?

Ha: To give this Virgin to me.

La. She's not mine, this is her Kinswoman,
And has more power to dispose; alas, I pitty him.
Pray gentleman prevaile with him to goe;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Ha. You have beene alwayes kind to me, will you
Denie me your faire Cousen.

Nu. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Ha. He is no friende that wishes my departure,
I doe not trouble you.

1. Tis not *Maria*.

Ha. Her shadow is enough, Ile dwell with that,
Persue your owne wayes, shall we live together;

Ma. If her will come to morrow and tauge to her, her will tell her more of her meanings, and there if her be melancholy, her will sing her a Welch song too, to make her merries, but *Gwenith* was very honest; her was never love but one gentleman, and he was beare her great teale of goodills too, was marry one day S. *Davy* her give her five paire of white gloves, if her will dance at her weddings.

Ha. All I am worth,
And all my hopes, this strange voyce would forsake her,
For then she shud be——prethee stay a little,
Harke! in thine eare, dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life; I know you are *Maria*:
Speke but as I doe ten words to confirme me;

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You have an Englisſh ſoule, do not diſguiſe it
From me with theſe ſtrange accents —— She pinch'd hard
Againe, and ſigh'd.
La. What ailes the Wench? *Exit.*
Nur. Why, *Gunith.*
Ha. She's gone too.
2. Come leave this dreame.
Ha A dreame? I thinke ſo;
But 'twas a pleaſing one, now Ile obey,
And forget all theſe wonders, lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wi. HOneſt *Toby?*
To. Sweet Mr. *Wildbrain*, ——I am glad I ha met
Wi. Why did my aunt ſend for me? (we yee.
To. Your Aunt 's a mortal, and thinkes not on you
For ought I can perceive.
Wi. Is my Coſen alive agen?
To. Neither, and yet we doe not heare
That ſhe's buried.
Wi What ſhould make thee glad then?
To. What ſhould make me glad? have I not cauſe,
To ſee your Princely body well, and walke thus,
Looke blith and bonny, and your wardrobe whole ſtill?
Wi. The Caſe is cleare, and I ha found a Mine,
A perfect Indie, ſince my Aunt caſheer'd me;
What think'ſt of this?
To. Oh delicate bells.
Wi. Thou putteſt me in minde,
We are to ring anon, I mean to ſend for thee;
Meete me at the old Pariſh Church.
To. Say no more.
Wi. When thy Lady is a bed, we ha conſpir'd
A midnight peale for joy.

To.

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To. If I faile hang mee'th bell ropes.
Wi. And how? and how does my Aunt?
To She's up to'th eares in Law;
I doe so whirle her to the Counsellors chambers,
And backe againe, and bounce her for more money,
And too again, I know not what they doe with her;
But she's the merriest thing among these Lawdrivers;
And in their studies halfe a day together;
If they doe get her with *Magna Charta*, she sweares,
By all the abilitie of her old body,
She will so claw the Justice, she will sell
The tiles of the house she vowes, and sacke out o'th cellar,
(That she worships to Idolatry) but she'le hang him.
Wi. I would she could: but hark thee honest *Toby*,
If a man haue a Mistresse, may we not
With out my Aunts leave, borrow now and then
A coach to tumble in, toward the Exchange,
And so forth? *To.* A Mistresse?
Wi. She may be thine when we are married.
To. Command, Ile carry you both in pompe;
And let my Lady go a foot a Law-catching,
And exercise her cornes: where is she Master *Iohn*?
Wi. Shat see her. *To.* Shall we ring for her?
Wi. And drinke her health.
To. Drinke stiffely for five hours.
Wi. Weele drinke fifteen.
To. To night? we will ha twenty torches then,
And through the streets drive on triumphantly;
Triumphantly weele drive, by my Ladyes doore,
As I am a Christian, Coachman, I will rattle you
And urine in her porch and she shall feare me.
If you say more; I shall runne mad outright,
I will drinke sack and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now. *Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Wi. Hold for thy buttons sake, the knave's transported.
Lur. Jacke Wildbraine? (now?
Wi. Honest *Tom*, how thrives the fellonious world with thee
Lur.

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Lur. You looky and talke as you were much exalted.
Wi. Thar't i'th right *Tom.* Ile tell thee firſt,
I ha ſhooke off my Aunt, and yet I live ſtill,
And drink, and ſing; her houſe had like to ha ſpoil'd me:
I keepe no houſes now;
Nor need any falſe key
To the old womans Cabinets, I ha money
Vpon my word, and pawne no oathes toth' Buttler;
No matrimoniall proteſtations
For ſacke poſſets to the chambermaid,
I praiſe my Fate, there be more wayes toth' wood *Tom.*
Lur. Prethee releaſe my wonder.
Wi. Ile encreaſe it, wipe thine eyes,
Here is a chaine worth mony and ſome man had it,
A fooliſh Diamond, and other trifles——
Lur. The very ſame, Oh Gipſey! Infidell!
All that I ſweat, and ventur'd my necke for,
He has got already; who would truſt a ſtrumpet:
Wi. This? This is nothing to what I poſſeſſe
At home. *Lur.* What home?
Wi. A houſe that ſhall be nameleſſe;
The Miſtreſſe of it mine too, ſuch a peece
For fleſh and blood, added to that ſo loving——
Lur. Is ſhe married?
Wi. I know not, nor I care not;
But ſuch a prize, ſo mounting, ſo delicious,
Thou wilt runne mad, Ile tell thee more hereafter,
Lur. Nay prethee a word more.
Wi. I tooke no paines to finde out all this Paradiſe,
My deſtiny threw me upon't ith' darke, I found it
Wanting a lodging too. *Lur.* No old acquaintance?
Wi. Never, never ſaw her;
But theſe things happen not in every age,
I cannot ſtay, If thou wilt meete anon
At my owne randevow, thou knowest the Tavern,
Weele ſup together, after that a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lur. You keepe youre exerciſe, i'the old Church?

Wi.

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Wi. No other,
There is no muſicke to the bells, we wo'd
Have bonefires if we durſt, and thou wo'd come
It ſhall coſt thee nothing *Tom*, hang pilfering,
And keepe me company, in time I may
Shew thee my Wench too.
Lur. I cannot promiſe; but you will be there?
Wi. Weele toſſe the bells, and make the ſteeple
Rore boy, but come to ſupper then.
Lur. My hand, and expect me:
Yes I will come or ſend, and to ſome purpoſe;
Art come boy?

Enter Boy with Gowne, Beard, and Conſtables ſtaffe.

Excellent, Knave, how didſt thou purchaſe theſe?
Boy The ſtaffe I ſtole laſt night from a ſleeping Conſtable;
The reſt I borrowed by my acquaintance with
The players boyes; you were beſt to loſe no time ſir.
Lur. So, ſo, helpe boy, tis very well, doe I not looke
Like one that breakes the Kings peace with authoritie?
You know your charge, prepare things handſomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office,
Boy. There wants nothing already; but I fly ſir. *Exit.*
Lur. Now Fortune proove no flut, and Ile adore thee.
Within. *Ser.* Whoſe there? *Knocks.*
Lur. A friend wo'd ſpeake with Maſter Juſtice?
Ser. Who are you? *Lur.* I am the Conſtable.
Ser. My Maſter is not at leaſure to heare buſineſſe.
Lur. How? Not at leaſure to doe the King ſervice;
Take heede what you ſay ſir; I know his worſhip,
If he know my buſineſſe, would no excuſe.
Ser. You muſt goe to another Juſtice, Ile aſſure
My *Maſter* is not well in health.
Lur. I know not,
But if your worſhipful be not at leaſure
To do himſelfe a benefit, I am gone ſir,
An infinite benefit, and the State ſhall thanke him for't;
Thanke him, and thinke on him too; I am an Officer,
And know my place, but I doe love the Juſtice;
I honor any authoritie above me:

Digitized by Google Beſide,

Beſide, he is my neighbour, and I worſhip him.

Ser. You have no bookes, nor ballads, Mr Conſtable,
About you?

Lur. What ſhould I doe with bookes? does it become
A man of my place to underſtand ſuch matters?
Pray call your Maſter, if he pleaſe to follow me,
I ſhall diſcover to him ſuch a plot,
Shall get him everlaſting fame, Ile be hang'd for't
And he be not knighted inſtantly, and for reward
Have ſome of the malefactors lands Ile bring him too;
But I can not delay time. *Muſhes.*

Iu. Who's that?

Ser. A Conſtable ſir, would ſpeake about ſome buſineſſe,
He ſayes, will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

Lur. Pleaſe your worſhip, come downe, Ile make you happy;
The notabl'ſt peece of villany I have in hand ſir,
And you ſhall finde it out; I ha made choyce
To bring your worſhip to the firſt knowledge, and
Thanke me, as you finde the good on't afterwards.

Iu. What is it? Treaſon?

Lur. Tis little better, I can tell you, I have lodg'd
A crew of the moſt rank and deſperate villaines:
They talke of robberies, and wayes they did 'em;
And how they left men bound in their ſtudies.

Iu. With bookes and ballads?

Lur. That ſir? that, and murders,
And thouſand knaveries more, tha're very rich ſir,
In mony, jewels, chaines, and a hundered more
Devices. *Iu.* Happy, happy Conſtable, I met yee
At the back doore, get ready knaves.

Lur. Not a man I beſeech you,
I have privately appointed ſtrength about me,
They cannot ſtart, your men would breede ſuſpition;
All my deſire is you would come alone;
That you might have the hope of the enterpriſe,
That you might heare e'm firſt, and then proceed ſir,

Iu. I come, I come,

Lur. Tis very well. *Exit.*

Iu.

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Iu. Keep all my doors fast, 'tis something late.
Lur. So, so, and please your worship I direct you. *Exit.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Master stayes, I doubt his lime-twigges catch not,
If they do, all's provided; but I all
This while forget my own state, fair *Maria*
Is certainly alive, I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse, 'twas she:
There is some trick in't, but when this is over,
Ile find it out, this project for the Usurer
May have good effect; however 'twill be sport
To mortifie him a little; *Enter Lurcher.*
He's come without him:
Have you fail'd sir?
Lur. Prosper'd? my little Inginer; away,
He is ith' next room, be not you seen, sirra. *Exit.*
Boy. The pitfall's ready, never Justice
Was caught in such a nooze, ere he get out,
He shall run through a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick, 'tis night already. *Exit.*

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lur. Come softly, yet sir softly, are you not weary?
Iu. Th'ast brought me into a melancholy place,
I see no creature. *Lur.* This is, sir, their den
Where they suppose themselves secure, I am faint,
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a cordial; *Seems to drink.*
Without this I should die;
How it refreshes me
Already? will't please your worship? I might have had
The manners to ha let you drink before me;
Now am I lusty. *Iu.* 'Twas a good taste.
Lur. Taste? how dee find the vertue, nay sir spare it not:
My wife has the receit, do's it not stir
Your worships body? when you come to examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder. *Iu.* Hoy he.
Lur. It works already.
Iu. Is there never a chair, I was wearier than I thought,

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But who shall we have to take 'em Mr. Constable?

Lur. Let me alone, when I but give the watch-word
We will have men enough to surprise an Army.

Jo. I begin to be sleepy; what, hast a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lur. They do not dream of us, 'tis early rising;
Care, care, and early rising, common-wealths men
Are ever subjects to the nods; sit down sir,
A short nap is not much amiss; so, so, he's fast;
Fast as a fish ith' net, he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish; remove him,
Nay, we may cut him into collops now
And he n're feel; have you prepar'd the vault sirra?

Boy. Yes, yes, sir, every thing in's place.

Lur. When we have plac'd him, you and I boy
Must about another project hard by, his potion
Will bind him sure enough till we return,
This villany weighs mainly, but weele purge ye. *Exit.*

Bells ring. *Enter Sexton.*

Sex. Now for mine ears, mine ears be constant to me;
They ring a wager, and I must deal justly, ha boyes.

Enter Lurcher and Boy.

Lur. Dost hear 'em, hark, these be the Ringers?

Boy. Are you sure the same?

Lur. Or my directions fail;
The coast is clear:
How the bells go? how daintily they tumble?
And me thinks they seem to say; Fine fools He fit you.

Sex. excellent agen, good boyes——oh that was nought.

Lur. Who's that?

Boy. Be you conceal'd by any means yet, hark,
They stop, I hope their'le to't agen, close sir.

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, Ringers.

Wi. A palpable knock. *Rin.* 'Twas none.

To. Be judg'd by the Sexton then,
If I have ears. *Sex.* A knock, a knock, a gross one.

To. Carman your gallon of wine, you rung most impiously,
Art thou of the worshipful company of the Knights oth' West,

And

And handle a bell with no more dexterity ;
You think you are in Thames ſtreet
Juſtling the carts : oh a clean hand's a jewel.
Boy. Good ſpeed to your good exerciſe.
To. Y'are welcome.
Boy. I come ſir from a Gentleman, and neighbour hard by,
One that loves your muſick well.
To. He may have more on't,
Handle a bell, as you were haling timber;
Groſs, groſs, and baſe, abſurd,
Rin. Ile mend it next peal.
Boy. To intreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By the Ear you ring thus cunningly or by the Eye;
For to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wi. But which way has he laid?
Boy. That your Ear guides you,
And not your Eye.
To. Has won, has won, the Ear's our onely inſtrument:
Boy. But how ſhall we be ſure on't.
To. Put all the lights out, to what end ſerve our Eyes then?
Wi. A plain Caſe.
Boy. You ſay true, 'tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th'ear
And can you ring ith' dark ſo? (ſure:
Wi. All night long boy.
Boy. 'Tis wonderful, let this be certain Gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye;
Iſt poſſible you ſhould ring ſo?
To. Poſſible, thou art a child, Ile ring when I am dead drunk;
Out with the lights, no twinckling of a candle,
I know my rope too, as I know my noſe,
And can bang it ſoundly ith' dark, I warrant you.
Wi. Come let's confirm him ſtraight and win the wager. *Exit.*
Boy. Let me hear to ſtrengthen me;
And when y'ave rung Ile bring the money to you.
Lur. So, ſo, follow 'em;
They ſhall have a cool reward, one hath gold of mine,
Good ſtore in's pocket, *Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a ſhort warning.

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They are at it lustily ; hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths, how it delights me ;
Boy. Here, here, sir. *Enter Boy with cloaths.*
Lur. Hast *Wildbraines.*
Boy. His whole case sir ; I felt it out, and by the guards
This should be the Coachmans, another suite too.
Lur. Away Boy, quickly now to the Usurer,
His hour to wake approaches.
Boy. That once finish'd,
Youle give me leave to play sir : here they come. *Exit.*
Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.
Wi. I am monstrous weary.
To. Fie, how I sweat ? Reach me my cloak to cover me,
I run to oyl like a Porpise ; 'twas a brave peal.
Sex. Let me light my candle first, then Ile wait on you.
Wi. A very brave peal.
To. Carman, you came in close now.
Wi. Sure 'tis past midnight.
Rin. No stirring in the streets I hear.
To. Walk further, was that a pillar ? 'tis harder than my nose.
Where's the Boy promis'd us five pound ?
Wi. Room, I sweat still ; come, come, my cloak,
I shall take cold. *Enter Sexton.*
Sex. Where lies it ?
Wi. Here, here, and all our cloaths.
Sex. Where, where ? *Rin.* Ith' the corner.
To. Is thy candle blind too, give me the bottle,
I can drink like a Fish now, like an Elephant.
Sex. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths ;
Yes, here is a cuffe. *Wi.* A cuffe ? give me the candle,
Cuffes wo'not cover me——I smell the knavery.
To. Is't come to a cuffe ? my whole suit turned to a button ?
Wi. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas ;
Cold with my fear, Ile never ring by the ear more.
To. My new cloaths vanish'd ? *Wi.* My all cloaths *Toby.*
Rin. Here's none.
To. Not one of my dragons wings left to adorn me,
Have I muted all my feathers ?

Wi.

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Wi. Cheated by the ear; a plot to put out the candle;
I could be mad; my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold.
To. The cold, the cold I cry, and I cry truly,
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me.
Wi. What miserable fools were we?
To. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out?
Wi. Prethee Sexton lets have a fire at thy house,
A good fire, weele pay thee some way for't, I am stone cold.
Sex. Alas I pitty you, come quickly Gentlemen.
Wi. Sure I ha' been in a dream, I had no Mistress,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.
To. Fellows in affliction, let's take hands all,
Now are we fit for tumblers.

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lur. So, so, presently his sleep will leave him.
And wonder seize upon him,
Bid 'em within be ready. *Ju.* What sound's this?
What horrid dinne? what dismal place is this?
I never saw before, and now behold it;
But by the half light of a lamp, that burns here:
My spirits shake, tremble through my body;
Help, help, *Enter two Furies with black tapers.*
Mercy, protect me, my soul quakes,
What dreadful apparitions! how I shudder!
1. 2. *Fu. Algripe.* *Ju.* What are you?
1. We are helhounds, helhounds, that have commission
From the Prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.
Ju. Am I not alive still?
1. Thou art, but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life, Stabbe,
2. Poyson. 1. Hang thy self, this choise is offer'd;
2. Thou canst not hope for heaven; thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy. 2. Quickly, quickly,
The torments cool. 1. And all the Fiends expect thee.

Come

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Come with us to that pit of endless horrour,
Or we will force thee. *Ju.* Oh, oh, oh.
1. Groans are too late, sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand Winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, then thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their souls shot through with adders, torn on Engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
Could any imagination number them,
As there be moments in eternity:
And shall that Justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murdered by thy extortion so many?
Ju. Oh, oh.
2. Do execution quickly, or we'le carry thee alive to hell.
Ju. Gently, gentle devils, do not force me
To kill my self, nor do not you do't for me;
O let me live, Ile make amends for all.
1. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain,
Pinch off his flesh, he must be whipt, salted and whipt.
Ju. Oh misery of miseries!
Recorders 1. 2. Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him, ha.
A mischief on that innocent face, away. *Creepsin*

Enter Boy like an Angel.

Boy. Malicious furies hence, choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.
Ju. This must be an Angel,
How at his presence the fiends crawle away?
Here is some light of mercy.
Boy. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man;
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee?
What sayes thy conscience now?
Ju. Be my good Angel, here I promise thee,
To become honest, and renounce all villany;
Enjoyn me any pennance, Ile build Churches;

A whole

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A whole City of Hospitals.

Boy. Take heed,
There is no dallying, nor are these impos'd.

Iu. Name any thing within my power, sweet Angel;
And if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to Isicles.

Boy. Ith' number of thy foul oppressions;
Thou hast undone a faithful Gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land. *Iu.* Young *Lurcher*,
I do confess.

Boy. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself;
Prevent his ruine, or his blood will be
More sin in thy account: hast thou forgotten
He had a sister?

Iu. I do well remember it.

Boy. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow,
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a day for thy unkindness,
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?

Iu. But she is dead,
And I will make true satisfaction.

Boy. What do instance these, that hast been false
To all the world.

Iu. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance, do not frown sweet Angel;
I will restore all morgages, forswear
Abominable Usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age;
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My dayes to come religiously.

Boy. I was commanded but a Messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those,
Whose malice would have drag'd thee quick to hell,
If thou abuse this mercy and repent not,

Double

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Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be vertuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example,
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses,
Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits,
I ha done my office, think on't and be happy.

Lur. So, so, he gapes already, now he's fast;
Thou hast acted rarely; but this is not all;
First, help to convey him out o'th vault.

Boy. You will dispense with me now, as you promis'd sir,

Lur. We will make shift without thee, tha'st done well,
By our device this bondage may scape hell. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Maria.

La. Didst think *Maria*, this poor outside, and
Dissembling of thy voice could hide thee from
A mothers searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover
That thought thee dead too; oh my dear *Maria*,
I hardly kept my joyes in from betraying thee:
VVelcome again to life, we shall find out
The mystery of thy absence; conceale
Thy person still, for *Algripe* must not know thee:
And exercise this pretty dialect;
If there be any course in Law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable; be silent
Good Nurse.

Nur. You shall not need to fear me Madam,
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

La. Be not dejected *Mall.*

Ma. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness:
Hartlove, I dare not see him.

Nur. VVeele withdraw.

La. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him.

Enter Hartlove.

Ha. The world's a Labyrinth, where unguided men

VValk

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Walk up and down to find their wearineſs;
No ſooner have we meaſured with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction;
What a ſtrange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures?
Oh *Mariah*!
If thou beeſt dead, why does thy ſhadow fright me?
Sure 'tis becauſe I live; were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our duſt
Might have the priuiledge to mix in ſilence,
How quickly ſhould my ſoul ſhake off this burthen!

Enter Boy.

Boy Thus far my wiſhes have ſucceſs, Ile loſe
No time: Sir are not you call'd Mr. *Hartlove*?
Pardon my rudeneſs.
Ha. What does that concern
Thee Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee,
And I am weary on't. *Boy.* Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it ſir, ſo large were my
Directions, that you could not ſpeak this language,
But I ſhould know you by your ſorrow.
Ha. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it ſeems; well, what's your buſineſs?
Boy. I come to bring you comfort.
Ha. Is *Maria*
Alive agen? that's ſomewhat, and yet not
Enough to make my expectation riſe, to
Paſt half a bleſſing, ſince we cannot meet
To make it up a full one; th'art miſtaken.
Boy. When you have heard me, you'le think otherwiſe;
In vain I ſhould report *Maria* living:
The comfort that I bring you muſt depend
Upon her death. *Ha.* Th'art a diſſembling boy,
Some one has ſent thee to mock me, though my anger
Stoop not to puniſh thy green years, unripe
For malice; did I know what perſon ſent thee
To tempt my ſorrow thus, I ſhould revenge it.

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Boy. Indeed I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you, let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false; I serve a Mistress
VVould rather dye than play with your misfortunes;
Then good sir hear me out.

Ha. VVho is your Mistress?

Boy. Before I name her, give me some incouragement,
That you receive her message, she is one
That is full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'le love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers.

Ha. Thou art wild?
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can at best,
But swell my Volume, large enough already.

Boy. She was late belov'd, as you were, promis'd faith,
And marriage, and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole *Maria's* heart.

Ha. How's that?

Boy. Just as *Maria* dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her, deal with my Mistress,
VVhen careless both of honour and Religion;
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

Ha. Part of this truth I know, but prethee boy
Proceed to that thou cam'st for; thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.

Boy. That I come to:
My mistress thus unkindly dealt withall,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had ere this, wept her self dry as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And twinne to her own sorrow brought her comfort.

Ha. Could the condition of my fate fortune,
Lessen her sufferings?

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Boy. I know not how
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easie, by degrees:
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours,
And from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person thus increas'd,
And with it, confidence, that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd, this gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.

Ha. A strange message boy.

Boy. If you incline to meet my Mistress love,
It may beget your comforts; besides that,
'Tis some revenge, that you above their scorn
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Ha. Have you done boy. *Boy.* Onely this little more;
When you but see, and know my Mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness, she's fair,
Fair as *Maria* was.

Ha. Ile hear no more,
Go foolish Boy, and tell thy fonder Mistress
She has no second Faith to give away;
And mine, was given to *Maria*, though her death
Allow me freedom, see the Picture of her.

Enter Maria, Nurse.

I would give ten thousand Empires for the substance;
Yet for *Maria's* sake, whose divine Figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world, and had had thy Mistress all
The grace and blossom of her sex; now she
Is gone, that was walking a Spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Boy. Sir, your pardon,
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant, nor did she on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love

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To your disquiet, she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.
Ha. Pretty Boy.
Boy. Indeed I fear I have offended you:
Pray if I have, enjoyn me any pennance for it;
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another. *Ha.* And Ile take thee
At thy word boy, thou hast a moving language,
That pretty innocent, Copie of *Maria*
Is all I love, I know not how to speak,
Winne her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.
Boy. I undertake
Nothing for gain, but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, Ile be faithful to you,
And my propheticke thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.
Ha. Thou wert sent to bless me.
Boy. Pray give us opportunity.
Ha. Be happy. *Exit.*
Nur. He's gone. *Boy.* With your fair leave Mistress.
Ma. Have you business with her pray you?
Boy. I have a message from a gentleman,
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private.
Nur. You shall have my absence Neece. *Exit.*
Ma. Was the gentleman afeard to declare his matters openly, here was no bodies was not very honest, if her like not her errands the petter, was wist to keep her preathes to coole her porridges, can tell her that now for aule her private hearings and cawings.
Boy. You may, if please you, find another language,
And with less pains be understood.
Ma. What is her meaning?
Boy. Come, pray speak your own English.
Ma. Have boyes lost her itts and memories? bless us aule.
Boy. I must be plain then; come, I know you are
Maria, this thinne vail cannot obscure you:

Ile

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Ne tell the world you live, I have not loſt yee;
Since firſt with griefe and ſhame to be ſurpris'd,
A violent trance took away ſhew of life;
I could diſcover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin, could declare the place, and minute,
When you reviv'd, and what you have done ſince as perfectly---
Ma. Alas, I am betraid to new misfortunes.
Boy. You are not for my knowledge, Ile be dumbe
For ever, rather than be ſuch a traytor;
Indeed I pity you, and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace, call home your modeſt blood,
Pale hath too long uſurp'd upon your face;
Think upon love agen, and the poſſeſſion
Of full blown joyes, now ready to ſalute you.
Ma. Theſe words undo me more than my own griefes.
Boy. I ſee how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But Ile remove ſuſpition; have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love,
To whom your Virgin faith made the firſt promiſe?
Ma. If thou mean'ſt *Hartlove*, thou doſt wound me ſtill,
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long;
Thou ſeeſt I walk in darkneſs like a theef,
That fears to ſee the world in his own ſhape,
My very ſhadow frights me, tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face,
Away, I know thee not.
Boy. You ſhall hereafter know, and thank me Lady,
Ile bring you a diſcharge at my next viſit,
Of all your fears, be content fair *Maria*,
Tis worth your wonder. *Ma.* Impoſſible.
Boy. Be wiſe and ſilent,
Dreſs your ſelf, you ſhall be what you wiſh.
Ma. Do this, and be
My better Angell.
Boy. All your cares on me. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lurch. and Boy.

Lur. I Muſt applaud thy diligence.
Boy. It had been nothing
To have left him in the Porch; I cal'd his ſervants,
With wonders they acknowledg'd him, I pretended
It was ſome ſpiee, ſure of the falling ſickneſs,
And that was charity to bring him home;
They rub'd and chaf'd him, ply'd him with ſtrong water,
Still he was ſenſeleſs, clamors could not wake him;
I wiſhed 'em then get him to bed, they did ſo,
And almoſt ſmothr'd him with rugges and pillows;
And 'cauſe they ſhould have no cauſe to ſuſpect me,
I watch'd them till he wak'd. *Lur.* 'Twas excellent.
Boy. When his time came to yawn, and ſtretch himſelf,
I bid 'em not to be haſty to diſcover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his ſervants,
And told 'em he had ſeen ſtrange viſions,
That ſhould convert him from his Heathen courſes;
They wondred, and were ſilent, there he preach'd
How ſweet the air of a contended conſcience
Smelt in his noſe now, ask'd 'em all forgiveneſs
For their hard paſture ſince they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold ſur-loin:
Pierce the ſtrong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't:
The conceal'd Muskadine ſhould now lye open
To every mouth; that he would give both' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors ſhould be
Open to every miſerable ſutor.
Lur. What ſaid his ſervants then?
Boy. They durſt not ſpeak,
But bleſt themſelves, and the ſtrange means that had
Made him a Chriſtian in this over-joy,
I took my leave, and bad 'em ſay their prayers,

And

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And humor him, lest he turned Jew agen.

Lur. Enough, enough. Whose this? *Enter Toby.*
'Tis one of my ringers; stand close, my Ladies Coachman.

To. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat;
Would I were at rack and manger among my horses;
We have devided the Sextons
Houlh ould stuff: among us, one has the rugge, and he's
Turn'd Irish, and ano.her has a blanket, and he must begge in't,
The sheets serve another for a frock, and with the bed-cord,
He may pass for a Porter, nothing but the mat would fall
To my share, which with the help of a tune and a hassocke
Out oth' the Church may disguise me till I get home;
A pox a bell-ringing by the Ear, if any man take me
At it agen, let him pull mine to the Pillory, I could wish
I had lost mine Ears, so I had my cloaths agen:
The wether wo'not allow this fashion,
I do look for an ague besides.

Lur. How the raskal shakes?

To. Here are company:
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat,
A hassocke for your feet, or a Piss clean and sweet;
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat:
Ringing, I renounce thee, Ile never come to Church more.

Lur. You with a mat? *To.* I am call'd.
If any one should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in?
Oh that I were in my Out-tub with a horse loaf,
Something to hearten me:
I dare not hear'em;
Buy a mat for a bed, Buy a mat.

Lur. He's deaf,

To. I am glad, I am: buy a mat for a bed.

Lur. How the raskal sweats? What a pickle he is in?
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

To. If ever I meet at midnight more a jangling:
I am cold, and yet I drop; buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat. *Exit.*

Lur. He has punishment enough.

Enter Wildman.

Who's this, my tother youth? he is turn'd Bear.

Wi. I am half afraid of my self: this poor shift I

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I got oth' Sexton to convey me handsomely
To some harbour, the wench will hardly know me;
They'le take me for some Watchman oth' parish;
I ha ne're a penny left me, thats one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomacke,
And thats another mischiefe, I were best go home,
For every thing will scorne me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell ringers;
If I get in adoors, not the power oth' countrey,
Nor all my Aunts curses shall disembogue me.

Lur. Bid her come hither presently,---hum, tis he. *Exit. Su.*

Wil. I am betraid to one that will eternally laugh at me,
Three of these rogues will Jeere a horse to death.

Lur. Tis Mr. *Wildbrain* sure, and yet me thinks
His fashion's strangely altred; sirra watchman,
You rugamuffin. turn you louzie bears skinne;
You with the bed-rid bill.

Wi. Ha'st found me out;
There's no avoiding him, I had rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robberie
Than answer to his Articles: your will sir,
I am in haste.

Lur. Nay then I will make bold wo' yee;
A Watchman and asham'd to shew his countenance,
His face of authority; I have seen that physiognomy;
Were you never in prison for pilfering?

Wil. How the rogue worries me.

Lur, Why may not this
Be the villain rob'd my house last night,
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rugge,
Arm'd with a tunne of Iron, I will have you
Before a Magistrate. *Wil.* What will become of me?

Lur. What art thou? speak.

Wil. I am the wandring Jew, and please your worship.

Lur. By your leave Rabbi, I will shew you then
A Synagogue, iclip't Bridewell; where you
Vnder correction may tell your tale;
You have brought a bill to guard you, there be dogwhips;

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To strike such rugg'd curres, whips without bells
Indeed. *Wi.* Bells.
Lur. How he sweats?
Wi. I must be known, as good at first; now, jeere on,
But do not anger me too impudently,
The Rabbi will be mov'd then. *Lur.* How? *Iacke Wildbrain.*
What time oth' Moon man, ha? what strange bells
Hast in thy brains. *Wi.* No more bells,
No more bells, they ring backwards.
Lur. Why, where's the wench the blessing that befell thee?
The unexpected happiness? where's that *Iacke?*
VVhere are thy golden dayes?
Wi. It was his tricke as sure as I am lousie,
But how to be reveng'd--- *Lur.* Fie, fie, *Iacke,*
Marry a watchmans widdow in thy young dayes,
VVith a revennew of old Iron, and a rugge:
Is this the Paragon, the dainty Piece,
The delicate divine Rogue? *Wi.* Tis enough I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating;
Give me my bill. *Lur.* You need not aske your Taylors,
Vnless you had better linings; it may be
To avoid suspition you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair Mistress. *Wi.* Mocke no further,
Or as I live Ile lay my bill o'thy pate,
Ile take a watchmans fury into my fingers,
To ha no judgement to distinguish persons
And knocke thee down. *Lu.* Come, I ha done, and now
VVill speake some comfort to thee, I will lead thee
Now to my Mistress hitherto conceal'd;
She shall take pity on thee too, she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good, Ile not be jealous *Iacke;*
Her beauty shall commend it self; but do not
VVhen I have brought you into grace supplant me.
Wi. Art thou in earnest, by this could Iron---
Lur. No oathes, I am not costive; here she comes

Enter Mistress.

Sweet heart, I have brought a gentleman,

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A friend of mine to be acquainted with you,
He's other than he seems; why d'ee stare thus?
Mi. Oh sir, forgive me, I have done ye wrong.
Lur. What's the matter? didst ever see her afore *Jack*?
Wi. Prethee do what thou wo't wo'me, if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly.
Lur. Never despair, Ile give thee my share rather,
Take her, I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has Peticoates will patch thee up a suit;
I resign all, onely Ile keep these trifles,
I took some pains for 'em, I take it *Jack*;
What thing you pinke of beauty, come let me
Counsel you both to marry, she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in Gamsters:
Let's ha a wedding, you will be wondrous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match.
Mi. As you are a man forgive me, Ile redeem all.
Lur. Yo wo'not to this geer of marriage then?
Wi. No, no, I thank you *Tom*, I can watch for
A groat a night, and be every gentlemans fellow. (*Exit Mi.*
Lur. Rise, and be good, keep home and tend your business.
Wi. Thou hast don't to purpose, give me thy hand *Tom*;
Shall we be friends? thou seest what state I am in,
Ile undertake this pennance to my Aunt,
Just as I am, and openly Ile go;
Where, if I be received again for currant,
And fortune smile once more——
Lur. Nay, nay, I'me satisfied, so farewel honest louzie *Jack*.
Wi. I cannot help it, some men meet with strange destinies.
If things go right thou maist be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So farewel *Tom*, commend me to thy Polcat. *Exit.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, Servant.

La. Now that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The Judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone.
Nur. No man knows whether,

And

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And yet they talk he went forth with a Constable
That told him of strange business, that would bring him
Money and lands, and heaven knows what; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an Officer:
And as a secret, Madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spie,
They had a shrewd suspition 'twas the devil
Ith' likeness of a Constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things; there have been men
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have born strange fruits:
De'e think he has not hang'd himself?

La. If he be hang'd, who has his goods?

Nur. They are forfeited, they say.

La. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Onely to cosen me of my Girles portion. *Nu.* Very likely.

La. Or not did the Constable carry him to some prison?

Nu. They thought on that too, and search'd every where.

La. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

Nu. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And mustered all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is the gentleman agen.

La. What gentleman?

Ser. He that lov'd my young Mistress.

La. Alas, 'tis *Hartlove*, 'twill but feed his melancholly,
To let him see *Maria*, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.

Nu. Please you entertain him a while Madam,
Ile cast about for something with your daughter.

La. Do what thou wo', pray Mr. *Hartlove* enter.

Enter Hartlove. *Exit Ser. & Nurse severally.*

Ha. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon,

La. Pardon, for what? you ne're offended me.

Ha. Yes, if ye be the mother of *Maria*.

La. I was her mother, but that word is cancel'd,

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And buried with her in that very minute
Her ſoul fled from her, we loſt both our names
Of mother and of daughter.
Ha. Alas, Madam,
If your relation did conſiſt but in
Thoſe naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood;
No matter for the empty voice of mother;
Your nature ſtill is left, which in her abſence
Muſt love *Maria*, and not ſee her aſhes
And memory polluted. *La.* You amaze me, by whom?
Ha. By me, I am the vile profaner.
La. Why do you ſpeak thus indiſcreetly ſir?
You ever honour'd her. *Ha.* I did alive,
But ſince ſhe died, I ha been a villain to her.
La. I do beſeech you ſay not ſo; all this
Is but to make me know, how much I ſinn'd
In forcing her to marry- *Ha.* Do not mocke me,
I charge you by the Virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act againſt her,
A deed able to fright her from her ſleep,
And through her marble, oft to be reveng'd;
A wickedneſs, that if I ſhould be ſilent,
You as a witneſs muſt accuſe me for't.
La. Was I a witneſs? *Ha.* Yes, you knew I lov'd
Maria ounce; or grant, you did but think ſo,
By what I ha profeſt, or ſhe has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I ſhould drop my tears upon her grave,
Yes, and proof ſufficient. *La.* To what?
Ha. That I forgetfull of my fame and vowes
To fair *Maria*, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender ſhroud, had chang'd her for another;
Did you not bluſh to ſee me turne a Rebell?
So ſoon to court a ſhadow, a ſtrange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curſe my levity,
Or think upon her death with the leſs ſorrow
That ſhe had ſcap'd a puniſhment more killing,

Oh

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Oh how I ſhame to think on't.

La. Sir in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your *Maria*, for whoſe ſake you could
Affect one that but carried her ſmall likeneſs.

Ha. No more, you are too charitable, but
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that ſtrange maid, whoſe innocent face
Like your *Maria's* won ſo late upon me,
My paſſions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman kind, without
Love in a thought; 'tis thus, I came to tell you,
If after this acknowledgement, you'le be
So kind to ſhew me in what ſilent grave
You have diſpos'd your daughter, I will aſk
Forgiveneſs of all her duſt, and never leave,
Till with a loud confeſſion of my ſhame
I wake her ghoſt, and that pronounce my pardon:
Will you deny this favour? then farewell,
Ile never ſee you more: ha!

Enter Nurſe, Maria in her own apparel, after ſome ſhew of wonder he goes toward her.

La. Be not deluded ſir, upon my life
This is the ſoul whom you but thought *Maria*
In my daughters habit; what did you mean Nurſe?
I knew ſhe would but cozen you, is ſhe not like now?
One dew unto another is not nearer.

Nu. She thinks ſhe is a gentlewoman;
And that imagination has ſo taken her,
She ſcorns to ſpeak, how handſomly ſhe carries it,
As if ſhe were a well bred thing, her body?
And I warrant you, what looks?

La. Pray be not fooliſh.

Ha. I di turb no body, ſpeak but half a word
And I am ſatisfied, but what needs that?
Ile ſwear 'tis ſhe. *La.* But do not, I beſeech you,
For truſt me ſir, you know not what I know.

Ha. Peace then,

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And let me pray; she holds up her hands with me.
La. This will betray all. *Ha.* Love ever honor'd,
And ever young, thou Soveraign of all hearts,
Of all our sorrows, thou sweet ease, *She weeps now.*
Does she still cosen me? *Nu.* You will see anon,
'Twas her desire, expect the issue Madam.
Ha. My soul's so bigge, I cannot pray; 'tis she,
I will go nearer. *Enter Algripe, Lurcher, Boy.*
Nur. Here's Mr. *Algripe*, and other strangers Madam.
Al. Here good Lady,
Upon my knees I ask thy worships pardon;
Here's the whole summe I had with thy fair daughter;
Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty:
I had a wife before, and could not marry;
My pennance shall be oh that man that honor'd her,
To conferre some land. *La.* This is incredible.
Al. 'Tis truth. *Lur.* Do you know me sir?
Al. Ha, the gentleman I deceiv'd.
Lur. My name is *Lurcher*. *Al.* 'Shat have thy morgage.
Lur. Ha that already, no matter for the deed
If you release it. *Al.* He do't before thy witness;
But where's thy sister? if she live I am happy, though
I conceal our contract, which was
Stoln from me with the evidence of this land.
The Boy gives Aluria and gives her a paper; she wonders, and smiles upon Hartlove, he amaz'd approaches her: afterward she shews it her mother, and then gives it to Hartlove.
Nur. Your daughter smiles.
Lur. I hope she lives, but where, I cannot tell sir.
Boy. Even here, and please you sir. *Al.* How?
Boy. Nay, 'tis she;
To work thy fair way, I preserved you brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd ye
Thus like a boy; I served you faithfully,
And cast your plots to preserve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses;
So far as you would hearken to my counsel;

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That all the world may know how much you owe me.
Al. Welcome entirely, welcome my dear *Alathe*,
And when I lose thee agen, blessing forsake me:
Nay, let me kiss thee in these cleaths.
Lur. And I too, (thief?
And bless the time I had so wise a sister, wert thou the little
Boy. I stole the contract, I must confess,
And kept it to my self, it most concern'd me.
Ha. Contracted? this distroyes his after marriage.
Ma. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman, my heart goes with it.
Al. *Maria* alive! how my heart's exalted, 'tis my duty;
Take her *Frank Hartlove*, take her; and all joyes
With her; besides some lands to advance her Joynture.
La. What I have is your own, and blessings crown ye.
Ha. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen,
My hopes are too high. *Ma.* Be more temperate,
Or Ile be Welsh again. *Al.* A day of wonder.
Lur. Lady, your love, I ha kept my word: there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you:
And fearing you were dead I stole your Coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office:
Many more knacks I did, which at the Weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales.

Enter Wildbrain. *Shout within.*

Wi. Hollow your throats a pieces, I am at home;
If you can roar me out again——
La. What thing is this?
Lur. A continent of fleas: room for the Pageant;
Make room afore there; your kinsman *Madam*.
La. My kinsman? let me wonder!
Wi. Do, and Ile wonder too, to see this company
At peace one with another; 'tis not worth
Your admiration, I was never dead yet;
Ye are merry Aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, Ile fool up, and provoke ye?

I will

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I will do any thing to get your love again:
Ile forswear midnight, Taverns and temptations;
Give good example to your Grooms, the maids
Shall go to bed and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.
Lur. And when you will fool again, you may go ring.
Wi. Madam, have mercy. *La.* Your submission sir,
I gladly take, we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards;
Now you are soundly sham'd, well we restore you:
Where's *Toby*?
Where's the Coachman? *Nur.* He's a bed, Madam.
And has an ague, he sayes. *Lur.* He be his Physitian.
La. We must a foot then. *Lur.* E're the Priest ha done
Toby shall wait upon you with his Coach,
And make your Flanders Mares dance back agen we'ye,
I warrant you Madam you are mortified,
Your sute shall be granted too.
Wi. Make, make room afore there.
La. Home forward with glad hearts, home child.
Ma. I wait you.
Ha. On joyfully, the cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty little Thief. *Exeunt omnes.*

The Actors Names.

Tom Lurcher.
Jack Wilbrain.
Gentlemen.
Justice Algripe.
Frank Hartlove.
Toby.
Servants.
Sexton.
Bell-Ringers.
Boy.
A Lady, Mother to *Maria.*
Maria.
Nurse.
Mistress Newlove.
Women.
Mistress.

FINIS.

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